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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Selections.

PASSAGES FROM MR. WILSON'S SPEECH.

[We present a few of the most salient passages from the Speech of Hon. HENRY WILSON, of Massachusetts, upon the President's Message, delivered in the Senate, Dec. 19.]

A WORD FOR CALEB CUSHING.

THERE is one member of the Cabinet whose hand some think they see in the Message, who knows full well the character of this production. I mean the learned Attorney-General. His vast acquisitions and tireless industry, his early associations and correspondence with the Abolitionists of New England, all teach him that these accusations against the people of the North are without foundation. For years he was in correspondence with the leading Abolitionists of the North. I remember, sir, the public letter penned in his night-dress, dictated by the poet Whittier, which he wrote to secure Abolition votes. I remember too, sir, that when Wise made the insolent threat that they would introduce slavery into the North, he indignantly answered that before they could introduce slavery into the North, her cities and villages would be levelled in the dust, so that squadrons of cavalry could gallop over them unimpeded, as the steeds sweep over the boundless prairies of the West. He should have restrained the pen which libels more than one hundred thousand sons of his native State, whose only offence is that they have resolved that slavery shall never be introduced "into the North."

THE REAL DISUNIONISTS.

This charge of disunion made against the Republican party by the President comes with an ill grace from the chief of a party which has in its ranks every political disunionist of the United States. The Senator from Georgia (Mr. Toombs), not now here, declared: "If Fremont were elected, the Union would be dissolved, and ought to be." The Senator from Louisiana (Mr. Slidell), the organizer of Mr. Buchanan's wing of the Democratic party, and its acknowledged leader during the canvass, avowed the same sentiments. Gov. Wise, whose indecent assaults upon Col. Fremont and his mother shocked the feelings of every gentleman in America, threatened to dissolve the Union. He was ready to organize the militia of Virginia, to place them upon a war footing, and they were ready, he said, to "hew their bright way" through all opposing legions. We are now told by *The Richmond Enquirer* that Wise—who made the tour to Raleigh, who called upon the grand juries and courts to indict Botts for defending the Union in his dominions—that he only made these threats to preserve the Union. *The Richmond Enquirer*, of the 6th of October last, declared that if Fremont were elected, it would be the duty of the South to dissolve the Union and form a Southern Confederacy; and we were told, further south, that if Fremont were elected, it would be their duty "to march on Washington and take possession of the archives and Treasury of the United States," forgetting that the treasures of the Treasury were at Boston, New York and Philadelphia, "in the enemy's country"—the North.

THE OLD LANDMARKS.

The Senator from South Carolina told us, some days ago, that in the Revolution, when the Government was first framed, they were all patriots—they did not quarrel over these sectional questions. The Senator from Texas, I think, held the same language, that we of this degenerate age were raising these sectional questions. I would ask these Senators who forced these issues upon us? In 1774, when the old Congress met and framed the Articles of Association, the second article was a prohibition of the slave trade which had been forced upon the Colonies by the policy of the British Government. That prohibition of the slave trade was sustained by the North and by the South; even South Carolina indorsed it. In 1787, when your Constitution was framed, we of the North were not responsible for the existence of a slave anywhere under the authority of Congress. Most of the Northern States had taken measures in favour of, or tending to, emancipation in their States. When the Constitution was framed there was not a man in America who believed that the idea of property in man, to use the words of Mr. Madison, was embodied in that Constitution. When Washington entered upon his duties as President, there was no action of the National Government which made the people of Massachusetts, or of any State, responsible for slavery anywhere outside of their own jurisdiction. Were men proscribed then who held the views that men on this side of the Chamber now hold? No, sir; the men who promulgated the Declaration of Independence, who carried us through the Revolution, who framed the Constitution of the United States, and who held the first offices, were all men opposed to slavery. Washington was President. He had declared that no man in America was more in favour of the abolition of slavery than himself, and his vote should never be wanting to effect that object. John Adams had declared that consenting to slavery was a sacrilegious breach of trust. Thomas Jefferson had proclaimed, over and over again, his views in favour of emancipation, that "the abolition of slavery was the first object of desire."

Alexander Hamilton was removed from the Presidency of an Abolition Society in New York to the head of the United States Treasury. John Jay was taken from an Abolition Society in New York and made Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; yet he had proclaimed to the world that our "prayers to Heaven would be impious" until we abolished slavery. Iredell, of North Carolina, had declared that when the abolition of slavery took place, it would be an act pleasing to all generous minds, and he was made a Judge of the Supreme Court. Wilson, of Pennsylvania, in the Convention for the adoption of the Federal Constitution, had avowed the doctrine that the new States were to be under the authority of Congress, and that slavery would never go there; and yet he, too, was placed on the Bench of the Supreme Court. Gouverneur Morris, who was sent abroad to represent this country, declared slavery to be a nefarious institution. Madison, Sherman, Ellsworth, Gerry, Patrick Henry—all the great men of the country, North and South, with the exception of a few fire-eaters in South Carolina and Georgia—held the doctrine then that slavery was a local institution, existing only by the force of local law; that the National Government had no connection with it; and that it was an institution which would pass away before our higher civilization and our purer Christianity. All we ask of you is to carry us back and place us where we stood when we made the Constitution and inaugurated the Government. Then we were not responsible for the existence of slavery anywhere on earth outside of our own Commonwealths.

WHO ARE FANATICS?

Cast your eye over the North; take New England, with her one hundred and fifty thousand popular majority against your candidate; take the great State of New York; take the whole line of Northern States; and when you look at them, remember that we have a large plurality in all of them, except in a small portion included within about forty thousand square miles of territory, and that we intend to burn over in the next four years. I allude to Eastern and Central Pennsylvania, Southern Indiana, Southern Illinois, and a small portion of New Jersey. There we mean to discuss the question, and have it well and clearly defined and understood. The rest of the North is ours. If you believe that the people are fanatics, or that their leaders deceive them, remember one thing, that in 1850 there were in the United States nearly eight hundred thousand free persons above twenty years of age who could not read or write. Only ninety-four thousand out of this eight hundred thousand happen to live in the States which Fremont has carried. Remember another thing, that the State of Massachusetts, which you consider so ultra—a people so easily deluded—prints, within a few thousand, and circulates more newspapers within the State, than all the fifteen Southern States of the Union. Remember they have more volumes in their public libraries than all the slave States. Remember they give away more money to the Bible and Missionary and other Benevolent Societies every year than the entire slaveholding States; and they have done so during the last quarter of a century.

THE "SECTIONALISTS."

Senators can see nothing sectional in the constitution of the committees of this body. When that subject was referred to a few days since, the Senator from Alabama (Mr. Clay) told us that in the House of Representatives, where the Republicans have the Speaker, there the South was proscribed on the committees. I have examined those committees, and I find that of the twelve important committees, consisting of one hundred and eight members, fifty of them are Southern men, or Northern men who affiliate with them. I have looked at the eleven important committees of this body, and I find that the Republicans have nine out of sixty-five members. I did not expect anything very liberal in the formation of the committees. The Senator from Maryland (Mr. Pearce) brought in the list. That Senator, in a published address to the country, referred to the Republican party as a "motley alliance," as a "pernicious party"; and he spoke of its leaders as "mad agitators," men of "inflamed passions" and "perverted judgment." He classed the Senator from New York and myself among the leaders. Entaining this opinion of the party and of its leaders, it could not be expected that he would be over generous. As the Senator's own State seems to have paid but little heed to his denunciations of the Republican party and its leaders, I am sure we can be equally indifferent to his censures.

KANSAS AS A SLAVE STATE.

Senators desired to know how we should vote on the admission of Kansas as a slaveholding State? I answer, for myself, if Kansas applies for admission as a slave State, I will reply in the words of Caleb Cushing, the law officer of this Government. In arguing the question of the admission of Arkansas, he said, speaking in regard to the power of Congress over the subject:

"The Constitution confers upon us the discretion to admit new States at will. It limits, in certain respects, our powers to act affirmatively; and it does not admit, in any respect, our discretion, on the negative side, of a refusal to admit new States."

Resting upon this authority of the distinguished legal adviser of the Administration, I will answer your question, whether I will vote for the admission of Kansas as a slave State, in his words:

"I do not persuade myself that liberty is an evil, or that slavery is a blessing. When called upon to accord my official sanction to a form of government which not merely permits but expressly perpetuates slavery, I should be false to all the opinions and principles of my life if I did not promptly return a peremptory and emphatic '*No.*'"

WHAT THE REPUBLICAN SENATORS WILL DO.

The Senator from Texas commends our devotion to the Union. We have ever supported the Union, and I tell you, sir, what we intend to do in regard to its support. The Senator from Pennsylvania, the other day, denounced the Barnwell Rhett school of politicians. I suppose he thought it safe to attack that little squad of fanatics, as he calls them, in South Carolina; but, sir, we, the Republicans, do not confine our denunciations to that little faction. We denounce your Governor Wises—all your chosen leaders, who have threatened to destroy the Union, if the fortunes of the election went against them—the men who have your confidence—the men who go to Wheatland, and have the ear of your incoming Executive. I give you notice to-day, gentlemen, what we intend to do. If the incoming Administration sends in to this body the nomination of a single man who ever threatened the dissolution of the Union, we intend to camp on this floor, and to resist his confirmation to the bitter end. I give you notice now that we shall resist the coming into power of all that class of men as enemies of the Constitution and the Union.

We go further. We mean to hold the incoming Administration responsible, if it gives confidence or patronage to your *Richmond Enquirers* and *Examiners*, your *Charleston Mercuries* and *Standards*, your *New Orleans Deltas*, and your *South-Side Democrats*, or any Democratic journal in the United States which threatened the dissolution of the Union in the event of our success. We intend here in our places to defend that Union which makes us one people, against the men of your party who have threatened to subvert and destroy it. We intend to go a little further. Your slave propagandist journals have denounced the independent labouring men of the North as "greasy mechanics," "filthy operatives," small-fisted farmers," "moon-struck theorists." We mean to hold you responsible, if you bestow your confidence and patronage upon journals that maintain that "the principle of slavery is itself right, and does not depend on difference of complexion."

DO YOU DESIRE PEACE?

Senators have told us they want peace—they want repose. Well, sir, I want peace, and I want repose. The State I represent wants it. Tens of millions of our property are scattered broadcast over the Southern States. The business men, the merchants, the manufacturers of my State want peace as much as you can want it. You can have it. But you cannot have it if you want to extend slavery over the free Territories. You cannot have it if you continue your efforts to bring Kansas here a slave State.

If you want peace, abandon your policy of slavery extension. Cease all efforts to control the political destinies of the country through the expansion of slavery as an element of political power. Plant yourselves upon your reserved constitutional rights, and we will aid you in the vindication of those rights. Turn your attention from the forbidden fruits of Cuban, Central American or Mexican acquisitions to your own dilapidated fields, where the revegetating forests are springing up, and where, in the language of Gov. Wise, "you have the owners skinning the negroes, the negroes skinning the land, until all grow poor together." Erase from your statute-books those cruel laws which shock the sensibilities of mankind. Place there humane and better legislation, which shall protect the relations of husband and wife, parent and child—which shall open darkened minds to the elevating influence of Christian culture. You will then have the generous sympathies, the sincere prayers of men who reverently look to Him whose hand guides the destinies of the world. You will have the best wishes of the friends of liberty all over the globe. Humanity and Christianity will sanction and bless your efforts to hasten on that day, though it may be distant, when freedom shall be the inalienable birthright of every man who treads the soil of the North American Continent.

PROFESSOR HEDRICK.

During the canvass, Professor Hedrick, of North Carolina, was denounced by the Southern press for intending to vote for Fremont. He came out in a moderate, carefully written letter, declaring his belief that it would be for the interest of North Carolina to keep her slaves at home, to develop her own resources, and that Kansas should be a free State. For that offence, the Professors of the North Carolina University came together and disavowed any sympathy with him. The trustees assembled and removed him. The mob assembled and insulted him. He left, or rather was driven from, his native State. He held a little appointment as a scientific man, connected with the publication of your Nautical Almanac, worth $500 a year—an appointment given him by Mr. Secretary Graham. He went to Cambridge, where the Nautical Almanac is made up; but he has been removed from his position in the Government service as a computer, for the crime of having declared, in his own native State, that he believed the interests of North Carolina required that Kansas should be free. Let it go abroad over the world that a native of North Carolina, a scholar, a man of scientific attainments, has been removed from his professorship, banished from his State, for such an offence; and that this Administration has removed him from the little office worth $500 as a computer on the Nautical Almanac for the same reason. Let it go abroad over the world. Let the scientific men and the literary men of the Old World understand that we have a party in power, in republican America, which lays its iron hand on a man, even from the slaveholding States, who breathes the word "liberty." The act is a black and damning disgrace to this country; and there is not an American, at home or abroad, who carries a manly heart in his bosom, that does not look upon it as a degradation to his country. Sir, the tyrants of the Old World will scoff at it; and the friends of liberty, who turn their eyes hopefully to us, will hang their heads in very shame for the infamy your Administration has brought upon the Republic.

GEN. WALKER'S CAUSE IN WASHINGTON.

Correspondence of The Baltimore Sun.

WASHINGTON, Sunday, Dec. 21, 1856.

THE avowal of General Walker of his purpose to avoid annexation to the United States, and to establish a *military despotism*, has much augmented his popularity and resources in this country, and he can now, as is believed, and as was demonstrated by the mass meeting held by his friends in New York, obtain reinforcements of men and supplies of money, and munitions of war.

That these will be promptly forwarded to his aid there is no doubt. He must have received some supplies very soon after the Tennessee sailed, for they had been forwarded to him. There is more of active sympathy enlisted in his cause now when he is in straits than there was when his Government was recognised, and when his rule was believed to be established, and he will now receive more material aid than ever.

Walker's position is by no means desperate. Henningsen, who is a man of much military talent, will hold out until Walker can relieve him or make a diversion in his favour; and the allied forces may then be defeated, either by the superior discipline and projectiles of the invaders or by a recurrence of their former dissensions among themselves.

The Government no longers affords direct encouragement; but it is well known that *no obstruction is thrown in the way of his supplies of artillery or men from our ports.* Munitions of war destined for Walker are passed regularly through on Custom-houses. It is difficult, therefore, to imagine any necessity for the proposed repeal or suspension of our neutrality laws, so far as Walker's interests are concerned.

VIRGINIA AS IT IS.

LETTER FROM J. C. UNDERWOOD, ESQ.

From The Evening Post.

PARIS, Va., Dec. 16, 1856.

AT the period of the Revolution Virginia had double the wealth and population of New York. The census of 1850 shows that Virginia had not quite doubled her population in sixty years, and that New York had in the same time increased nearly tenfold.

The farming lands of Virginia, covering 61,000 square miles, by the last census, were estimated at $216,401,543. Those of New York, by the same census, embracing a territory of only 46,000 square miles, were valued at $554,546,642.

In looking over the statistics of Great Britain I find that famine, pestilence and oppression in Ireland have driven to foreign countries 31 per cent. of her population. Our last census furnishes us with the sad proof that the peculiar circumstances of the Ancient Dominion have driven 34 per cent. of her native white population to other States, leaving her only twenty-three persons to the square mile, more than one-third of whom are coloured persons; while the Empire State had sixty-five and Massachusetts one hundred and twenty-seven inhabitants, on an average, to each mile square. The value of farming implements in Virginia was seven millions of dollars. The farming implements of New York were valued at twenty-two millions. What has caused this great disparity in the progress of the Empire States of the North and South in agricultural improvement?

Governor Wise is right in saying that Virginia has greatly the advantage, not only in extent, but in the natural qualities of her soil, as well as in milder and more favourable climate, for all agricultural operations. Our climate is, in truth, so mild that our farmers are able to plough, as a general rule, every Winter month, and our soil so adapted to corn as to produce fine crops without the trouble of cultivating with the hoe. Our wheat is of such a quality that our flour, even in the markets of New York, will command from fifty cents to a dollar more per barrel than the celebrated Genesee flour of her own western counties. But the lands of Virginia are becoming impoverished, and their productive capacity is constantly diminishing. Why is this? Because she has, comparatively speaking, no arts or manufactures, and her agricultural products, instead of being consumed at home by her own artisans and manufacturers, are sent abroad to be changed for the products of mechanical labour foreign to her soil. By this policy we not only lose the freight of our products, with risk loss insurance and one or two profits, but we are obliged to pay freight loss insurances, &c., on the articles which we receive in return. Nor is this the only loss. By home consumption we would have, in our little manufacturing villages filled with cows and horses, reservoirs of manure, absolutely necessary to replenish and keep up the productive power of our farming lands. We would also have in these villages markets for our surplus poultry, garden vegetables, and products of our forests and orchards; markets inviting the cultivation of every variety of fruit and vegetable to which our climate and soil is adapted. But why have not these manufactures been established? Why are they nowhere to be found in the Southern States? They would certainly afford great facilities for the establishment of schools, which it is so difficult to sustain in the sparse population in an agricultural country cultivated principally by slaves. The true reason is, that the labour of our country is not adapted, or capable of adaptation, to manufactures. For the finer arts and manufactures employing nice and intricate machinery, a high degree of care and attention is requisite, such as can only be expected from operatives who are educated and intelligent, and constantly influenced by a direct and positive interest in the results of their labour. In other words, none but cultivated freemen can be successfully employed in artistic and manufacturing pursuits. These alone are the men to make capable and ingenious mechanics. In this view of the subject we see the terrible penalty which slavery is inflicting upon the Southern States. It is to this dreadful scourge that we must attribute our scattered population, our great destitution of schools and education, our almost total absence of arts and manufactures.

The constant rush of our most energetic population to people the free States of the North-West; the decline of the Old Dominion in her representation in the councils of the nation, and the wasting and consumptive character of her agriculture—to this same Pandora's box is to be attributed the small extent of her railroads and other internal improvements, and the fact that even those few which have been constructed are so feeble as scarcely to live, and afford hardly any dividends to their stockholders. With these facts before us, we should suppose the fate of this mother of States and statesmen would be a warning against the introduction of slavery into any portion of God's green earth not already cursed by its existence, and that even men of the South could desire it only on the principle that "misery loves company." But I grow sad and sicken at the contemplation of the subject as I look at the malignant evils that have fastened upon the home in which Providence has cast my lot, and reflect upon the righteous retributions of a just though long-suffering and compassionate Deity.

"So soft the scene so formed for joy,
So cursed the causes which destroy."

Your truly, J. C. UNDERWOOD.

THE NEXT MOVE.

From The Lawrence (Kansas) Herald of Freedom Dec. 13.

WE are satisfied, from observation, that the leaders of the pro-slavery party are intent upon other game besides Kansas. It is possible they have not entirely given up all hopes of making Kansas a slave State, and, indeed, we are satisfied that Atchison has not; but many of his co-workers have done so, and have retired from the field in disgust.

Col. Titus was heard, repeatedly, to declare that it was impossible to overcome the great preponderance of Free State settlers. Others of the same party have thus expressed themselves, and thus acted.

Col. Titus has left the Territory, and taken the principal adventurers with him who came from the South in the Spring. Of all that large number of persons who came to Kansas in the fore part of the season, under Buford, Bell, Titus, and other leaders, scarcely any now remain. They came for a "frolic," said Capt. Bell to us on one occasion, and a "frolic" they have had—a dear one for their cherished institutions, and a dear one for the future harmony of the country.

The South have no occasion to be proud of the adventurers they have sent to Kansas. The pro-slavery party in Missouri were as glad to give them the parting hand as were the Free State settlers in Kansas to escape their marauding expeditions.

But we are getting foreign from the subject which induced us to take up our pen.

It is evident, from the "signs of the times," that a new move is to be made on the great chessboard of politics. Mr. Buchanan has been elected the next President of the United States. A part of the programme in electing him to that position was to acquire Cuba, honestly and by purchase, if possible, but by all means to wrest her from Spain, and annex her to the United States. This is a cherished idea of the South, and of more importance to them than Kansas.

Cuba ours, and Nicaragua, which Capt. Walker has just succeeded in wresting from its legal owners, and which Col. Titus and his *brave (!)* command have gone to help him hold, will most likely apply for admission as a slave State. The whole of Central America will follow. Not this alone; but still greater encroachments must be made on Mexico, until that government is blotted from the map of nations. Incidental to this is the reopening of the foreign slave trade.

If the present Government of the United States will indorse all these mad schemes of demagogues, then the country can go along without their hindrance; if, however, opposition is exhibited, they will bluster about "dissolving the Union," and, probably, reënact the adventures of Don Quixote among the windmills.

The Pro-Slavery party of Kansas, or Missouri, more properly, will go on with their work of framing a pro-slavery Constitution, and will submit the same to Congress. At the proper time, Mr. Buchanan will step forth, commanding the entire influence of his administration, and will propose another "*compromise.*" Let the word be accursed! He will propose to give Kansas to Freedom, if the North will consent that the South shall have Cuba and Nicaragua!

We have not a doubt of this project being brought forward. We concede, too, that we have fears of its success. Many good men in the North are apprehensive there is yet danger for Kansas, and will gladly embrace such an offer, to secure her luxuriant soil and inviting climate to freedom. But to all such we say again and again, never despond for Kansas. She cannot be enslaved! Though a pro-slavery Constitution was recognised by Congress, and the Free State settlers were debarred from all participation in the affairs of the Government, we would not despond! The soil is ours by occupation. We are here, and we cannot, *will not*, be *dispossessed.* We are here in legal possession, and the whole force of the country cannot dispossess us, because we are entrenched behind the bulwarks of the Federal Constitution, and sustained by national laws. Pro-slavery men will never bring their negroes here to reside alongside with free labour. The labouring white man is educated. He knows the direction of the North Star, and neither the threats of the penitentiary nor the sight of the gallows will deter him from pointing towards it and giving to his coloured brother a pocket compass, which shall serve to guide him during his night journeyings. They who have been partially enslaved, as the white man would be, could not be restrained from thus acting. This done, however numerous the slaves in Kansas, the country would soon be depopulated of them. Slaveholders would find the institution subject to "slight difficulties," of which they little dreamed, and we have no doubt would soon come to the conclusion that money in this kind of property was poorly invested.

We have examined this subject in its thousand bearings, and we say, in all confidence, to our friends in the States: We do not desire any compromises in our behalf. Plant yourselves upon the RIGHT, and sustain your position against all odds. This we have done in Kansas. This we WILL do, and we know that victory will crown our labours. The fickle-hearted may despond; they are not the kind we want among us. Give us the good and brave—those who can dare and do for the triumph of a principle—who can suffer and wait until the good time comes—and all will be well. But again we say to the North, Enter into no new compromise with slavery!

A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

From The Milwaukee Free Democrat, Dec. 13.

MR. EDITOR: It may concern some portion of the religious public to know who minister at the altar where they worship.

A Rev. Mr. Curtis, a slaveholder from Virginia, is now spending the price of the *souls* he has sold (not saved) in this city. He has already preached in the First and North Presbyterian churches, and is ready to pollute any other pulpit that may be opened to him.

If Mr. Curtis had come here under the sign of the *Cross*, worshipping the *Pure Virgin*, he would have been spurned as an idolator. But he comes calling himself a Presbyterian, worshipping a *something* which he calls God, made up of the attributes of *partial and unjust*, maintaining his altar fires by devoting one-half of the human race to the profit and irresponsible use of the other; fattening his priesthood by licensing them to sell the children of the poor, to be devoted to the lust and avarice of wicked men.

This priest comes with his fingers reeking with the blood of a sister he has sold, justiying the hellish deed by texts from the Bible.

O, when will our ministers learn that to associate their religion (by alliance or courtesy) with such a priesthood is to bring it into contempt with all honest men. H.

REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.

From a communication, it will be seen that a slaveholder and slavetrader, who sold a young woman, just as a horse jockey would sell a horse, on the invitation of Rev. Mr. Buchanan and Rev. Mr. Spees, has occupied their pulpits, and undertaken to teach the people of Milwaukee their religious duties! The Reverend woman-seller, we understaud, puts this grace upon the act, that he might have sold her for $200 or $300 *more*, if he had sold her to *another* man, but, in his great benevolence, he disposed of her so that she would be used merely as a *chattel*, and not for the purposes for which slave girls are often sold. Kind man! Exemplary disciple of Jesus! What would our Milwaukee Christians think of the spectacle of Christ selling off his brothers and sisters at auction, in the slave shambles. Under the Mosaic dispensation, slaveholding and slaveselling were punished with death. The Christian dispensation proclaims the brotherhood and equality of all mankind. But this clerical man-thief steps into our Milwaukee pulpits, and talks about love to God and love to man! What hypocriay! "He that loveth not his brother (or sister), whom he *hath* seen, how can he love God, whom he hath *not* seen?"

It is idle to talk of being opposed to the extension of slavery into Kansas, if we allow slavery to be extended into our Christian pulpits. The pulpit ought to be as sacred to freedom as Kansas is, and, at least, as pure as political parties. Would not the Republican party be scouted as hypocrites if they elected, as Senators and Representatives in Congress, slaveholders and slavetraders? And yet, a slaveholder, who has sold a sister into bondage, out of his own family, and holds his fellows as slaves, has profaned and polluted the pulpits of Milwaukee, by officiating as a preacher of righteousness, while pocketing the wages of iniquity.

There is no use of mincing words in this matter. If the Church and clergy are thus to take slavery into fellowship, they may give up all hope of reaching the consciences and hearts of men. They *may* make proselytes, but they will *certainly* make infidels to their kind of religion. A religion that enslaves men, or justifies the enslaving of men, or welcomes slaveholders to its pulpits, is a curse to the world. We do not know that the true position of this Reverend woman-seller was known to those who invited him into their pulpits, but the fact of his coming from slaveholding churches was sufficiently strong to lead to inquiry about him. If slavery is to be deliberately set up in the Church, or a religion taught that does not maintain the self-evident rights of our common humanity, we may as well all turn heathens.

FRUITLESS SEARCH FOR A KIDNAPPED MAN.

From The Rochester Democrat.

DURING the Summer, intelligence was communicated to persons residing in this city that a young coloured man named Charles Granby, who formerly resided here, had been kidnapped, and was then held as a slave by a planter named Isaac Hill, on the Mississippi River, in the State of Louisiana. Before the necessary facts could be ascertained to warrant the appointment of a Commissioner to reclaim and restore him to freedom, the season was advanced, and, on account of the prevalent sickness, it was decided to defer an effort to find him until cooler weather. The information in regard to Granby came from another coloured man, who represented himself as a runaway slave from Louisiana, and professed to have seen Granby, and to be the bearer of a message from him to persons in this city, whose names were given, appealing to them to take measures to restore him to freedom. The pretended (perhaps real) fugitive said he was employed in Chicago, and that, whenever he was wanted for the purpose of more specific intelligence, he could be found by inquiring of persons whose names were given.

Gov. Clark having been duly advised of all the circumstances, sought for some person as Commissioner who knew Granby, and in whose prudence in the management of such a duty confidence could be reposed. Joseph Cochrane, Esq., was finally appointed, and on the 17th of November last started for New Orleans *vid* Chicago. At the latter place he made inquiries for the man who communicated the news in regard to Granby, but was unable to learn anything of him, either from those whose names had been given or from any one else. Mr. Cochrane then, on some blind intimation, went to Milwaukee, but was no more successful there than he had been at Chicago. These failures induced some misgivings as to the correctness of the story in regard to Granby; but fearing he might be wrong, and that all this might be the result of some mistake, Mr. Cochrane determined to proceed to New Orleans, deliver his letters and make use of every facility that might offer itself, to arrive at the truth, and if Granby was discovered to effect his release.

On his arrival at New Orleans, Mr. Cochrane called upon Hon. Theodore G. Hunt, formerly member of Congress from that city, and the Mayor of the city, to both of whom he had letters. Both these gentlemen very promptly and cheerfully proffered any aid in their power, assuring Mr. Cochrane that if Granby was wrongfully held in slavery, and could be discovered, there would be no difficulty or delay in effecting his liberation. Mr. C. remained in New Orleans and its vicinity about a week, and diligently pursued every supposed trace of the kidnapped boy, but without the least sign of success. He was several times up and down the river, for many miles, visiting different towns and plantations, where it was supposed the kidnapped man could be found. He was readily aided by counsel in New Orleans, and by the Judge and Deputy Sheriff of St. Charles District, above New Orleans.

The probability is that Granby is not in that vicinity. The planter whose name was given as his owner resided in the neighbourhood of the place described as the residence of Granby, but he has been dead for two years, and his son, the present owner, is in Europe.

From The Albany Evening Journal.

We learn that cases like this are not rare. There are four applications now on the file of the Executive Department of this State, praying for the Governor's interference in rescuing free citizens of this State from Southern bondage. The evidence is conclusive that the unhappy men were once respectable freemen and residents of the Empire State.

In one case, the Governor of Virginia was appealed to by Gov. Clark, but he answered through his Secretary of State, admitting the facts, "In this case, it is believed the Executive has no power to interfere."

In another case, a North Carolina gentleman writes, "If the boy left your State for any improper conduct [which was not the fact], it may be as well to let him have a good master and try a few years of wholesome plantation labour."

Governor Clark has exhausted his power in efforts to redeem these poor coloured men from bondage. Whether any further legislation is necessary to meet such cases, we are unable to say. The Governor has been somewhat embarrassed in his action in the matter, by a neglect of the last Legislature to make an appropriation to carry out the law we already have on the subject. Private individuals have been obliged to advance the necessary funds to send agents to the South to endeavour to reclaim these unfortunate victims of Southern rapacity.

It is said, by the way, that Gov. De Witt Clinton, after unsuccessfully appealing to the Governor of Virginia, many years ago, to restore a kidnapped man, threatened to send an army of New York soldiers into the Old Dominion to bring him away by force, and that thereupon the slave was delivered up and restored to his home and freedom. In this case, we are also told, the negro had been a playmate of Gov. Clinton's, when they were boys together.

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

THE Underground Railroad occasionally brings out rich things. Yesterday a beautiful mulatto woman from the Maryland shore, near Baltimore, called upon Mr. Loguen. She was a fugitive from high life in slavedom. Her dress, address and conversation, showed she had been valued and cared for. She naturally enquired into the quality and amount of business at the Syracuse Depôt. Mrs. Loguen took the record of the names of the fugitives that had called at her house, and commenced reading them.

"That is the name of my husband," she exclaimed, with enthusiasm, when a certain name was read.

Mr. and Mrs. Loguen instantly called to mind an accomplished semi-coloured man they had sent on to Rev. Mr. Mansfield & Co., at Auburn, three weeks ago. She told her story as follows:

She had been married about six weeks. Her husband and herself were house slaves of two notable and wealthy families in Maryland, and were greatly attached. About three weeks since, her master suspected that she intended to escape with her husband, and arrested her and put her in jail. She managed to notify her husband of her case, and he instantly fled to avoid a similar fate, and probable sale to the far South. Her mistress and daughter were greatly attached to her, and procured her release, and in three days thereafter she fled on foot to Philadelphia, with the aid of the man who helped her husband off. Anti-slavery men put her on the road, and now for the second time she has got track of her husband.

Mr. Loguen at once thought it his duty to go to Auburn with her and help find her husband. On arrival at Auburn, he placed her in the parlour of one of the best hotels, and called on Mr. Mansfield, who went with him to another clergyman to whom he was directed. He was at meeting, and Mr. Loguen saw a coloured man in a distant part of the meeting who resembled the fugitive, and sent a person to bring him to the lobby to see Mr. Loguen. The poor man was seized with a tremour. The fact was, he was an excellent machinist, and instead of going to Canada, had hired out at good wages at Auburn rather, as instructed to do by Mr. Loguen, if he found a chance.

"They are after you, Fred," said Mr. Loguen, "but hold up your head—I'll take you where you won't be hurt."

"Who is after me?"

"Who but your master could be here after you? But don't be scared—follow me and you will be safe."

"Can you fight?"

"It depends on whom I am to fight?"

"Will you fight slaveholders if they have come to take you?"

Yes—I would fight a regiment of them."

By this time they arrived at the Hotel, and Mr. Loguen proceeded directly to the parlour, which was richly furnished and gas-lighted. The fellow's feelings were worked up to the highest point by being led to such a place, where he could expect to see no one but a slaveholder. On entering the room, he saw his beautiful wife alone. He was so overcome that he almost fell to the floor, exclaiming, at the same time, "it is my wife!" They rushed together, and a happier bride and bridegroom could not be found in the world—we'll venture to say.—*Syracuse Standard.*

FREE NEGROES IN ARKANSAS.

A SELECT Committee of the Senate of Arkansas having reported a bill to be entitled "An act for the removal of free persons of colour beyond the limits of this State, and for the preventing their return and future immigration into this State," Mr. Abbott, one of the Select Committee to whom said bill was referred, submitted the following minority Report:

Mr. SPEAKER: A majority of the Select Committee to whom was referred House bill No. 11, to be entitled "An act concerning free negroes," have had the same under consideration, and have adopted a substitute for said bill, and have recommended the passage of the same; but the undersigned, a minority of said Select Committee, cannot concur in the report of the majority, and would most respectfully offer the following objections to the bill recommended by said Committee:

First: Your Committee is of the opinion that said bill is in conflict with article second, section ten, of the Constitution of this State, which provides that "No free man shall be taken or disseized of his freehold, liberties or privilege, or outlawed, or exiled, or in any manner destroyed or deprived of his life or property, but by the judgment of his peers or the law of the land." Your Committee believes that the above section includes all free men, and that the framers of the Constitution intended to embrace all free men of whatever colour.

Second: Your Committee cannot consent to a policy which would expatriate, banish, imprison and enslave any human being without any cause whatever, as the bill under consideration does. Your Committee is of the opinion that the Legislature possesses no power under the Constitution to deprive any human being of his life, liberty or property, unless he forfeits his rights to the same by committing crime.

Third: Your Committee believes that suitable laws can be made, concerning free negroes, whereby the wicked, mischievous and the troublesome may be made to suffer punishment, those that are nuisances removed from the State, and the industrious, well-disposed and law-abiding ones (if any such there be) can be allowed to remain. At any event, all humane policies should be tried to remedy the evils of free negroes, before the oppressive and tyrannical legislation recommended by the majority of the Committee.

Your Committee regret the existence of free negroes in our State—would be gratified to have them all removed; but, believing said bill is unconstitutional, your Committee begs leave to enter his dissent against the report of the majority of said Committee.

ABBOTT, Minority of the Select Committee.

THE RUFFIAN BROOKS.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Dec. 16, 1856.

MR. SUMNER'S protracted absence from his seat, in consequence of continued debility, the effect of the fearful blows inflicted upon him by the ruffian Brooks, is much regretted in Washington circles, legislative, social and diplomatic, in all of which he has ever been a decided favourite. The feeling against his assailant, though not expressed in a way to attract the attention of a casual visitor, is nevertheless strong and deep. He is looked upon by the mass, even of those who treat him with the respect which ought to be commanded by the office he fills, with feelings of detestation and abhorrence.

Nor is he satisfied with his own conduct. He is not so brutalized in heart as some men suppose him. Far from it. Those who will watch him from the galleries of the House of Representatives, or as he walks the streets, casting his nervous stealthy glances from side to side, as if he expected each shadow to spring into an avenger of his brother's blood; those who note his forced gayety, and the hollow insincerity of his laugh at a bar-room joke, cannot fail to see in them the operations of the silent inward monitor ever scourging his soul.

A year ago, he was gay, happy, proud and self-respectful. In the House and out of the House he was well received everywhere. Now he is tolerated rather than received, and the circle of his associates and familiars is very limited. Northern ladies directly cut or silently avoid him; and few Southern ladies of the higher class treat him with more than cold civility. The South has applauded his act, sent him stacks of canes, and plied him with ovations; but it is clear that, having fulfilled this *political* duty, as they doubtless esteem it, they consider their debt of gratitude ended, and themselves released. Like Franklin, when he proposed that grace be said over the whole barrel of pork at once, they feel that they did up all the gratitude at home, and are not called upon now to help him, by their open countenance, to regain the position in the public estimation which he has forfeited.

But I took my pen up not to write a homily, but to relate a bit of gossip which I have heard, and the truth of which is not denied. Some days ago, Brooks met in the Rotunda of the Capitol a Massachusetts lady with whom he was formerly on excellent relations. She had not been to Washington before, however, since the Sumner assault. Approaching her, Brooks bowed politely and familiarly, when the lady vindicated the spirit of the true woman, who knows how to rebuke a wrong which has become national, by turning coldly away from him without returning his recognition. A gentleman who witnessed the transaction describes Brooks's confusion and mortification as most humiliating. If gentlemen and ladies will all have the moral courage thus to rebuke ruffianism at all times by refusing association with it, it will soon be at a discount. Yours, C. B. T.

—*Cor. Times.*

HOW THEY SUPPRESS SERVILE INSURRECTIONS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE CHARLESTON GUARD-HOUSE.

To the Editors of The Evening Post.

HAVING looked into the Workhouse, let us turn and take a view of the "Guard-House," an edifice equally suggestive of the system that gave it existence. St. Nichol's Church, with its tall, gaunt steeple; the City Hall, with its broad, squatty roof; the antiquated Court-House, with its dilapidated walls, and the Guard-House, with its continual in-going and out-going of lazy-looking men in uniforms—these flank the four corners of Meeting and Broad streets, two of the principal thoroughfares in Charleston. The Guard-House, standing on the south-west corner, is of the Doric order, with heavy Corinthian columns, forming a colonade on the streets here named. There is a sombre, tomb-like air about the building, and when seen on a misty day (its walls are exquisitely dingy) presents an appearance quite like what one might imagine the Pantheon, if hung in mourning. The Charlestonian betrays a singular passion for fashioning his public buildings after the style of the ancients.

This Gu

employ, boast of his successes over Dureeff. The reader may judge whether such a system is that which promotes the safety and best interests of the whites.

There is still another guard in Charleston—the Mounted Guard. In fine, the little city of Charleston, by night, swarms with armed men. This guard consists of between forty and fifty men, mounted on so many horses. Each man is heavily armed, and provided with means to give an alarm at the shortest notice. The members of the Mounted Guard ride about the city during the night, in pairs, rendezvousing at certain points to make reports to their officers. I would here remark that the officers of both these corps are appointed yearly by the Mayor and Board of Aldermen.

In addition to the citadel (a spacious fort in the upper part of the city), which is well stored with munitions of war, and full of cadets from all parts of the State, Charleston possesses several of the best accoutered and disciplined volunteer companies to be found in this country. These hold themselves in readiness to be called out at any moment. Such, then, are the means of putting down an attempt at insurrection. Let the curious sum up this formidable body of armed men, and contrast it with the population of Charleston, only some thirty-four thousand, two-thirds of which is coloured, consequently amenable to the laws for the regulating of slaves, and the moral needs no further comment from me. F. C. ADAMS.

A NEGRO REVOLT IN CHARLESTON.

To the Editors of The Evening Post.

Attempts at insurrection by slaves have their origin, as a general thing, in the cruelties to which they are the victims. They are not what they are represented to be by the ultra Southern press—insurrections with preconceived plans; they are mere *emeutes*, the participators being maddened and goaded to seek an immediate revenge. To the end of illustrating this, by an example that may be taken as a counterpart of nine-tenths of those which occur from year to year, I propose giving a few facts in relation to the one which took place at the Charleston Workhouse in the year 1849. This insurrection, as it was then misnamed, was headed by the "Boy Nicholas." Various reports of this affair have gone abroad. I, however, apprehend that the facts of the case are very imperfectly known outside of Charleston, the newspaper reports being highly coloured and in harmony only with the fears and apprehensions of their authors. Insurrections are phantoms that rise up, are magnified in, and continually haunt the imagination of the Southerner. In fine, they exist only in his fears, where they become giants which, he fancies, can only be overthrown by the most desperate means. And yet this very Southerner is the man who talks most profanely of dissolving the Union, and thereby protecting his favourite institution, which alike excites his fears and absorbs his energies. He forgets that such an unhallowed event would find him with the rest of Christendom his enemy. Nicholas was a bright mulatto man, tall of figure, with straight black hair and finely developed features. He was of a restless spirit, quick to resent an insult, and singularly intelligent. And although he bore the yoke of his slavery with seeming submission, there were times when he would display a will to maintain his manliness. His mother was of Indian extraction, and said to have been kidnapped into slavery when a child. The Indian blood coursing in his veins may, in a measure, account for the unbending spirit he evinced under trial. Nicholas was a stucco-worker, by trade, and one of the most skilful workmen in Charleston. His master, a man of the name of Kelly, than whom no tyrant could be more cruel, promised him his freedom (for which his very soul had yearned) on payment of a stipulated sum. The slave, inspired by the hope of bettering his condition, laboured extra hours, frequently until midnight, until he accumulated nearly one-half of the requisite sum. This he paid to Kelly, only to find his confidence betrayed. Kelly refused either to fulfil the bargain or return the money. This so incensed Nicholas that he resolved, with feelings natural to a man basely defrauded of his hard earnings, to work no longer for an unjust master, whom he bid defiance. He was tortured; but torture availed nothing. He was sent to New Orleans for sale; but not finding a purchaser, he was brought back to Charleston. Still he refused to work for the man, as he said, who had betrayed him. He asserted boldly his determination to die rather than yield to the demands of his master; nor did the lash, which had well-nigh cut him to pieces, serve to subdue his spirit. After a time he was placed in the slave-pen of one Gadsden, where he suffered tortures it would make one's heart sick to describe. He declared he would die in the struggle for his rights. An attempt was again made to send him to New Orleans. The officers, headed by one McNamara, a constable, entered the cell for the purpose of carrying out the design. Although he was chained by the leg to a ring and bolt in the floor, he drew a knife he had kept concealed in his bosom, and with it disarmed the constable, inflicting a deep wound in his arm. Nicholas, goaded to madness, swore he would not again be separated from his family—for he was married. Forced to capture him in his pen with ropes, after the manner of an infuriated animal, his captors bound him to the tail of a cart, and, followed by a savage mob, he was dragged, almost lifeless, to jail. The majesty of the law had been outraged! While in jail the most cruel punishments were resorted to, in the hope of extorting a confession that he had intended to kill McNamara. His resolution at length gave out, and he confessed to an intention he never had entertained. He was then tried before a court of three freeholders and two judicial magistrates (I have described his trial at length, in a book called "Our World"),(1) found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. The day was set apart for the penalty; but a kind voice—the voice of a true-hearted Southerner—interposed in his behalf, and his case was carried before the Court of Appeals, which issued an order for a new trial. The order was issued on the ground that evidence had been extorted by cruelty.

The result of the second trial was that he was found guilty of an assault upon a white man, and sentenced to three years' close confinement in the workhouse, at hard labour. In addition to this, it was ordered that five blows of the paddle be inflicted as a punishment on the first of each month. The keeper of the workhouse, however, regardless of the sentence, set about turning the slave's ingenuity to profit. He granted him numerous privileges, accorded him the freedom of the yard, set him to work at making ornamental stucco, and put the profits into his own pocket. Nicholas took advantage of his position to make himself a favourite with his fellow-prisoners, who stood ready to follow his lead.

Separated from his family, the convicted man became enamoured of a beautiful mulatto girl, who had been consigned to the workhouse by one Gilchrist, a slave-broker, to await a purchaser. It was on an attempt having been made to take this woman from her place of confinement by Gilchrist and one Austin that the *emeute*, of which so much has been said, was excited. What followed I have described in "Our World," (2) and as it would be impossible for me at this moment to draw a more faithful picture, I may be excused for inserting it here:

"A year and two months have rolled into the past since Nicholas, a convict, took up his abode within the four walls of the workhouse. He had served out thus much of Fuddle's 'merciful' sentence. During the silent hours of night, fast secured in his dreary cell, had he cherished, and even in his dreams fancied, the means of escaping into that freedom which had been the day-dream of his life. But dearly did he love the woman to whose keeping he confided the secret of his heart. Having secured the confidence of Fladge (the keeper), he might have effected his own escape; but the admonition of a faithful heart prompted him not to leave her behind in slavery. To that admonition he yielded, and swore to secure her freedom with his own. Not many days had elapsed since he disclosed to her his resolution, when there appeared at the workhouse the tall figure of Guy Grantham.* He had come for the purpose of carrying away the woman, whom he had sold for the Washington market, where her charms would indeed be of much value. * * * * *

"Already were the galling chains about her hands, and the miserable woman, in tears, about to be led away, unobserved by Nicholas. A companion hastened to him, in his studio, where he had just completed a stucco ornament, and whispered the news in his ear. With almost lightning quickness he bounded from his 'studio,' the anger of his very soul aroused to madness, and rescued the woman before she had left the gate. Having done this, he drew a long stiletto from his belt, and, placing himself between her and her pursuer, bid him defiance. This, according to slave law, was rebellion, and would have justified the summary process Grantham was about adopting for the disposal of the instigator, at whose head he levelled his revolver, and snapped twice without effect. At this, Nicholas bared his bosom, and taunted him with the epithet of coward! Mr. Fladge, who now became conscious of the error of his indulgence, could not permit Grantham to practise his bravery upon a slave entrusted to his care; he called in the aid of some ten guardmen, and commanding Grantham to lay aside his weapon, proceeded to hold a parley with Nicholas before taking his life. But his words fell useless, for Nicholas caught the woman up in his arms, bore her, defiantly, to a block of wood at the extreme end of the yard, and with his hammer dashed the chains from her hands, and hurled them high in the air. 'Murder me, and not the woman!' he shouted; and, as he did so, the guard-bell rang out its first alarm peal, which was reechoed over the city, and threw it into a tumult of excitement. The act was the work of a moment. Nicholas cast a glance upward at the alarm-bell, as if conscious of the object for which it had pealed forth its solemn music, then turned a look of contempt upon his adversaries, who were mustering in considerable force. Suddenly they made a charge upon him, but before they had secured him he seized a bludgeon, and, with the aid of his companions, who, armed with small, sharp-pointed stone hammers, rallied to his defence, repelled their attack. Seeing this formidable body thus suddenly come to the rescue, Mr. Fladge and his posse fell back, and sought a refuge in the guard-room of the building. Nicholas was now in full possession of the yard, and what, with the consternation and confusion that triumphed within the walls, it was only with great effort that he could restrain his sable companions from taking possession of the guard-room and putting to death those who had sought a refuge therein. As he had placed himself between the woman and her pursuers, so also did he place himself before a file of his companions, who, with battle-hammers raised, were rushing to the great gates as the bell rang out its second alarm peal. Calmly but firmly did he appeal to them. He would not have them commit an outrage against life. He told them that, having thus suddenly and unexpectedly been plunged into what was held by the laws of the State an insurrection, they must merely stand on the defensive, and remember that it were better to die defending their rights than live abject slaves.

"And while Nicholas was addressing his forlorn band within the walls of the workhouse, strange indeed was the scene of confusion presented along the streets of the city. A messenger had been despatched to warn the civil authorities, who, in their turn, issued orders to call out the military. Not a moment was to be lost. The great bell on St. Nicholas's Church answered the alarm peals with two loud tolls, an ominous admonition to the citizens. Simultaneously the city echoed and reechoed with the report of a bloody insurrection. * * * Men in breathless suspense waited but the booming of the cannon ere they rushed to bloodshed.

"In that portion of the city where commerce is most busy, men with anxiety written on their countenances; men making earnest gesticulations; men not knowing whither to proceed, had gathered about street corners, discussing the most direct means of safety. Ladies were seeking their homes in fright; now asking questions of hurrying men whose intense excitement had carried off their power of speech, then shunning every luckless negro who chanced in their way. The rumour of an insurrection, however falsely founded, turns every negro into a supposed enemy of the white man: the third alarm peal makes him a bloody votary (I mean in the imagination of the whites), whom it needs but the booming of the cannon to put to death.

"Guardmen, in cross-belts and side arms, anxious and confused, ran to and fro with heavy tread; merchants and professional men hastened from their labours to their homes, armed themselves with deadly weapons, and endeavoured to quiet the fears of their excited families, now imploring protection. That a deadly struggle was at hand every one was sure, for men had gathered on the housetops to watch the moving mass as it swept along the streets. Now a file of men in loose-sitting uniforms hasten past; now it is followed by a hooting mob of savage-faced figures eager for blood. 'To the Workhouse!' is the cry, and quickly catching it up the throng hurried onward anxiously to the scene of the outbreak. And, too, these were followed in quick succession by firemen in curious habiliments, half accoutered artillerymen, and trimly dressed cadets—all rallying to their stations at the alarm peal's call, as if some devouring element was about to break over the city and sweep it away. Yonder a green, masking shutter is cautiously opened, the head of some trembling female protrudes; she inquires in nervous accents whither is the scene of the outbreak, and suddenly disappears. Alarm had beset the little city, which now moved, a medley of fear and trembling. * *

"The sound of an imploring voice suddenly broke upon Nicholas's ear, as he waited the approach of his adversaries; while the curious, fearing to open the gates, had scaled the walls of the workhouse. The voice was that of the woman for whose liberty he had thus involved himself. She had grasped his hand, and with simple but earnest words was admonishing him of the fatal consequences of his rashness. Having by her had his attention drawn from his adversaries, they rushed down from the walls, and had well-nigh surprised and secured him, when an alarm given by his companions set him upon his defence. Two shots from a revolver in the hand of a guardman had pierced through the fleshy part of his left arm. The blood streamed from the wound, and yet he, with renewed courage, succeeded in rallying his infuriated companions and driving back his enemies. Short but deadly was the struggle; shrieks and groans rent the air. The woman received a fatal wound in the conflict, and lay writhing in the agonies of death at the feet of Nicholas. At this moment there came a thundering at the great gates, the bristling of fire-arms were heard, and the drums of the military without beat to arms. The great gates were thrown open, a solid body of citizen soldiery, ready to rush in, was disclosed; but before they had time to move, Nicholas, at the head of his companions, dashed forward, threw the soldiery into confusion, and swept triumphantly into the street. The sharp report of musketry followed, and several dead bodies lay strewn between the portals of the gates. Wild with rage, and not knowing whither to go, or for what object they had rushed from the bounds of their prison-house, the infatuated slaves had scarcely reached the second line of soldiery when Nicholas and several others were pierced through the heart with rifle bullets. Thus died a man whom justice would have awarded a different fate. * * * * * *

"And now let us turn to the counterpart of this tragic scene. The influence of that consternation which had spread over the city was not long in finding its way to the citadel, a sort of fort commanding the city from the east. On the plat in front were three brass field-pieces, which a few artillerymen had wheeled out, loaded and made ready to belch forth that awful signal which the initiated translate into these words: 'Proceed to the onslaught.' At the alarm-bell's first tap these guns were made ready; at the second peal match-locks were lighted by men who stood in breathless suspense waiting the third and fatal peal from the guard-house bell. That peal might have proved the death-knell of thousands of human beings. As the crash of musketry echoed and reechoed through the air, a confused gunner applied the match. Two vivid flashes, and the booming of the guns rung successively over the city. The third would have conveyed the awful summons.(3) At that moment men might be seen in their domiciles, in the tragic attitude of holding pistols and daggers at the breasts of their terrified but faithful servants—those, perhaps, whose only crime was sincerity and an earnest attachment to their masters' interests. Had a third cannon belched forth, these faithful servants had fallen victims of fear at the feet of their deluded masters. Happily an act of heroism (which I would here record to the honour of him who discharged it) saved the city that bloody climax one sickens while contemplating. As a gunner was about to apply the match to the third gun, a distinguished citizen of Charleston (Judge Cooper, I believe) ran before it, and cried out at the top of his voice, 'For heaven's sake stop!' The gunner stood motionless, as the man ran to him, snatched the blazing torch from his hand and quenched it upon the ground. Thus did he save the city that awful scene the misdirected laws of a State would have been accountable for to civilization and the world."

Let the reader contemplate the moral of these much talked of insurrections.

Note 1. "Our World," a novel by F. C. Adams. Miller, Orton & Mulligan, 25 Park Row, New York.

Note 2. I give the picture as it has been many times described to me by distinguished citizens of Charleston; and by none more graphically than a gentleman who took an active part in suppressing the outbreak. The names inserted in the extract only are fictitious, Judge Cooper's excepted.

Note 3. Certain alarm-bells are rung in case of an attempt at insurrection by the slaves; and this, if accompanied by the firing of three cannon, is the signal for an onslaught upon the blacks. The writer, on asking a gentleman why he exhibited so much fear, or why he deemed it necessary to put to the sword his faithful servants, was answered thus: "Slaves, no matter of what colour, sympathize with one another in the general condition of slavery. How, then, could I leave my family to the caprice of their feelings, while I sought the scene of action to aid in suppressing the outbreak?"

THE FREEDOM CASE IN THE SUPREME COURT

LETTER FROM THE SOLICITOR OF THE COURT OF CLAIMS.

To the Editors of The National Intelligencer.

GENTLEMEN: From an imperfect knowledge of the circumstances attending the suit for freedom before the Supreme Court, prosecuted by Dred Scott (a negro), several correspondents of the New York press have made suggestions tending to mislead public opinion. One intimates that the suit was a contrived case to operate on the late Presidential election, by bringing under the review and judgment of the Supreme Court the questions which have so stirred the public mind since the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Another surmises that selfish motives influenced certain distinguished members of the bar in declining the request to lend me their assistance in behalf of my client's cause; and a third seems to suspect my own in regard to conducting it alone. As the peculiar attitude of political affairs at this moment gives much interest to the case, I will be pardoned for giving a brief narrative of it, and especially as the simplest statement of the facts will vindicate the gentlemen whose motives have been impugned for unwillingness to appear in the cause, and at the same time vindicate the cause itself from the imputation of having been brought to subserve a party purpose.

The case is a suit for the freedom of the plaintiff, Dred Scott, and his wife and two children. In 1834 Dred was taken by his former master, Dr. Emerson, a surgeon in the army, to reside at the military post at Rock Island, in the State of Illinois, and afterwards, in 1836, to reside at Fort Snelling, on the other side of the Mississippi river, on that part of Louisiana territory north of 36 deg. 30 min. Harriet was taken to Fort Snelling in 1835, and was there married to Dred. The eldest child, Eliza, was born north of 36 deg. 30 min., on a boat, whilst descending the Mississippi river. The other child, Lizzie, was born at Jefferson Barracks, after they were taken to Missouri, in 1838.

This suit was first brought by the administratrix of Dr. Emerson in the Circuit Court of St. Louis County, in the State of Missouri, and that Court, following the uniform decisions on such facts of the Courts of Missouri ever since it was an organized Territory, gave judgment for the plaintiff. An appeal was, however, prosecuted, and a majority of the Supreme Court of the State, at the March term of 1852, reversed the judgment of the Circuit Court, because "the times now are not as they were when the former decisions on this subject were made. Since then, not only individuals, but States, have been possessed with a dark and fell spirit in relation to slavery, whose gratification is sought in the pursuit of measures whose inevitable consequence must be the overthrow and destruction of our Government. Under such circumstances it does not behoove the State of Missouri to show the least countenance to any measures which might countenance this spirit."

When the case was remanded under this opinion the plaintiff's attorney dismissed the suit in the State Court, and Major Sanford, a citizen of New York, having in the meantime purchased Dred and his family, an action for tresspass for false imprisonment was brought against Sanford in the Circuit Court of the United States on the 2d of November, 1853, by Dred Scott, as a "citizen" of Missouri.

The defendant denied the jurisdiction of the Court, on the ground that Dred was a negro, and therefore not a "citizen." But the Circuit Court held that he was a citizen, if free, within the meaning of that section of the Constitution which provides for the maintenance of suits in Courts of the United States between citizens of different States. The defendant then denied that Dred and his family were free, and on the 15th of May, 1854, the Court decided that they were slaves, because the Supreme Court of the State had so decided on the same facts. From this judgment Dred appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States to the December term of 1854.

I was in California when the record of this case was filed in the Supreme Court. The efforts made to obtain counsel for the plaintiff prior to my return had not met with success. On my return I received a letter from Mr. Fields (who is a distinguished lawyer in Missouri, and one who never, during the fifteen years I have known him, manifested any interest in politics) requesting me to present the case to the Court.

In Missouri, and generally, I believe, in the Southern States, almost every lawyer feels bound to give his services when asked in such a case arising in the community to which he belongs. Having risen at that bar, considering myself still a citizen of Missouri, although for the present pursuing my profession at the seat of Government, I did not hesitate to become the counsel for the plaintiff here, as I should have done there.

As I perceived that the cause involved important issues which might possibly be engulphed in the great political controversy then just emerging in relation to the power of Congress over the territory of the United States, I felt it my duty to seek assistance, especially as when I found arrayed against me the Senator from Missouri (Mr. Geyer), and the late Attorney-General (Mr. Johnson), among the first men of the profession of the East and the West. I sought to obtain the support of one of the ablest men at the bar in the South, and he had almost consented to yield it. His inclination was surrendered, not, I well know, from the selfish motive given in the press. I then applied to leading members of the profession in the North, and with the same result.

The mercenary motive imputed for the reluctance shown to engage in it is equally unjust to all. The truth is, while some gave it up because their previous engagements interrupted, and others because the late application did not give time to make preparation, all perceived that from the nature of the case it must assume an aspect more or less affecting the party struggles impending, and were unwilling on all accounts to add to this embarrassment of the cause or that of the party with which they stood connected, by implicating either themselves or it by their action in the result. While I do myself deprecate the state of things which brings a political and partisan influence to act upon the public mind in connection with this case, and while willing to avoid it as much as possible, I yet felt it was my duty to call to its support all the aid I could command. When I first opened the case, therefore, I announced to the Court the regret I felt in not having prevailed in getting an associate in the cause, and I repeated the expression of my solicitude on opening the reargument at the present term; and I am happy to acknowledge its good effect in enlisting the great ability and learning of Mr. Curtis of Boston, to maintain the constitutionality of the power exerted by Congress, on which the freedom of my client depends.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

M. BLAIR.

ARIZONA.

From The Providence Journal, Dec. 16.

OF all the humbugs of the day, that of creating a new Territory out of the country acquired from Mexico by our late treaty through Mr. Gadsden is the greatest. It is stated that the inhabitants of this district have lately taken the preliminary steps to form a Territorial Government, with which view they have elected a Mr. Cook a delegate to Congress, who, being provided with the requisite credentials, will endeavour to secure the early organization of the Territory, under the name of Arizona.

One account states the population of this district to be 13,000, another 9,000, the lowest of which is greatly exaggerated, even if we include in the number all the wild Indians who now roam over it, but who cannot make it a permanent abode on account of its utter sterility and great deficiency in water. The Mexican population of this district, which is about as large as the State of Pennsylvania, was, in the year 1853, as follows: La Mesilla, a village on the Rio Grande, forty miles above El Paso, 1,200. From this valley westward, there is neither a village or a rancho (farm house) until the Santa Cruz river is reached, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. This little stream, which with us would scarcely be called a creek, may, in many places, be leaped over by a man of agility, and, after meandering about a hundred miles, is swallowed up by the sands of the desert. But so few are the spots in this desolate region where man can gain a subsistence, that a few settlements made here by the early Romish missionaries, nearly two hundred years ago, have never arisen to the importance of a village of a year's growth in our Western Territories. The following are the villages in the valley of the Santa Cruz: Tuscon, ninety miles south of the river Gila, has a population of less than 400 souls. Tubac, fifty-four miles south of that, 200. San Xavier, a village which three years since contained but a single Mexican family and about 200 Papago Indians. This place contains the finest church in the State of Sonora, to which it then belonged. Lastly, Santa Cruz, with a population of less than 300, making a total population of 2,300 souls. From the Santa Cruz river westward to the Colorado, a distance of nearly 300 miles, there is not a village or hamlet. A sterile desert without trees, water or grass extends the whole distance.

With the exception, therefore, of the miserable villages on the Santa Cruz, the entire Gadsden purchase, west of the Rio Grande valley, out of which it is proposed to make the new Territory of Arizona, did not, three years since, contain a single inhabitant, the Indians alone excepted.

One newspaper account which lies before us states that "in this territory are to be found mountains which are probably rich in mineral wealth, fertile plains, and one or two considerable rivers, while the soil allows the abundant production of the grains and other crops peculiar to the genial climate of Texas."

It is laughable to read such statements as this, which are wholly without truth. The only rivers, as they are called, in this vast district of nearly 600 miles in extent from east to west, are the Santa Cruz, before spoken of, and the San Pedro, a little muddy stream some twenty feet broad, and which, for half its length, becomes dry in the Summer. As to fertile plains, there are none; for how can there be fertility where there is no soil, and where rain does not fall for eleven months in the year? As to minerals, they "probably" exist in the mountains, but have yet to be discovered.

Another writer, alluding to the subject, comes much nearer the truth in saying that of the "10,000 inhabitants of this district, over 9,000 are men in buckram suits, children of the mist, which sometimes descend from the California mountains upon the plains of Sonora." There is more in this movement than we at the North suppose, and it looks like a project to carve out a new slave State, to be made up of this ten million desert and Southern California.

ANOTHER DIABOLICAL OUTRAGE AT THE SOUTH.

THE Franklin (Ind.) *Republican*, of the 19th ult., says that Madame Helen Sasha, wife of a French gentleman lately resident in Jackson, Mississippi, has arrived at Franklin, her husband having been *murdered* for expressing his partiality for Fremont, and she being driven away from her home. The *Republican* says:

"The history of the troubles of Madame and Monsieur Sasha is related to us by the latter as follows: They removed to Jackson, Miss., some eight years since; coming from the North as they did, they discovered they were regarded with some suspicion, yet they were permitted to enjoy comparative peace and freedom from interruption up to the crisis of the past political struggle, when, on being asked to express his political sentiments, M. Sasha avowed his partiality for Fremont, whereupon commenced numerous indications of dissatisfaction, which continued up to the first of the present month.

"When he was told he must not avow such sentiments, or he would be dealt with, he was not disposed to seal his lips, as he was not aware that he had transgressed any law, or committed any wrong. A committee of desperadoes repaired to where he was at work, some two miles in the country, and gave demonstrations of their determination to make him cease speaking his sentiments, or he should leave the State. He attempted no resistance, but, as a brave man, told them that he was not going to be gagged or driven. When he said this, one of the party attempted to lay hold of him, whereupon Monsieur Sasha knocked the officious villain down, and for this demonstration, in self-defence, one of the party, whom Madame Sasha thinks is named Orbray, shot him down.

"Now, without exhibiting any compunction for this fiendish act, they immediately informed the wife of the deceased, now lifeless before her, that she could have twenty-four hours to make her exit, or she would receive the fate of her husband. She took them at their word, and reached this point on last Tuesday. She is a lady, genteel and amiable in her manners, and has been unquestionably well raised. Her father is a farmer of limited means, living in Montgomery Co., N. Y., to which she is en route.

"Our citizens readily and cheerfully contributed the requisite amount to enable her to reach her parents, where she said she will be amply cared for. She left on the cars Wednesday evening, via Indianapolis, for her future home."

POINTS TO BE NOTED.

THE recent dealings in several Southern States with slaves accused of conspiracy to revolt and overpower or escape from their masters have exhibited some features which deserve thoughtful consideration.

1. The slaves are not allowed to learn to read, and whoever teaches them subjects himself to punishment; there is no provision even for the reading of the laws within their hearing; yet they are held to a rigid accountability for every violation of those laws—those interdicting the assemblage of more than a small number of black persons, for example. No matter though such assemblage be for religious worship, or to celebrate a wedding or funeral, the penalty is the same.

2. Though slave testimony is good for nothing against white men, it is good enough to hang one another. Even though it be whipped out of a poor, frightened creature by whaling him within an inch of his life, it answers every purpose.

3. Though the laws are all made by white men, and are as severe and one-sided as possible, yet the poor slave suspected of conspiracy to revolt is not allowed even such protection as they proffer him: but let the neighbouring white loafers once get the notion in their heads that there is or may be a plot among the slaves of any locality to revolt, and at once they set to work arresting, overhauling, questioning, whipping, torturing, hanging, without the least regard either for the sacred rights of property or the right of the victims to such protection and immunity as the law made by their masters vouchsafes them. "Law and Order" are only respected so long as they operate against these dumb, fettered chattels; wherever they are likely to bear in their favour, they are coolly brushed aside.

4. A wise old Book says, "The wicked flee *when no man pursueth*." Those who doubt this can never have scanned carefully and thoughtfully the history of pretended slave conspiracies and meditated insurrections.—*Tribune*.

WHAT THE REPUBLICAN PARTY MEANS TO DO.

[The Boston *Telegraph*, in the following article, administers a gentle but decided rebuke to the leaders of its party in Congress.]

EVER since Congress assembled, it has been the aim of the slaveholding members to place the Republicans *on the defensive*. And in this purpose they have but too well succeeded. We have read the speeches made in the Senate and House, and, with a few exceptions, they are nothing but a series of excuses and apologies. Some brazen-faced slaveholder like Butler or Mason, or some ignorant doughface like Bigler or Pugh, rises and charges the Republicans with being in favour of the dissolution of the Union, or with being in favour of abolishing slavery in the States. And forthwith there is a rush of Republicans to the floor, to say that this is all a mistake; that it is the Garrisonians alone who want to dissolve the Union, and the Gerrit Smith and Lysander Spooner class of Abolitionists who hold that the Government has the power to abolish slavery in the States. The purpose of the slaveholder is answered; an apology is procured, or something in an apologetic tone, and the attacks upon the North are therefore resumed in still fiercer style. Who ever knew the slaveholders to be conciliated by these apologies or excuses? Who ever knew them to cease from their attacks in consequence? Nobody. We commend to our friends in the Senate and House a prudent husbandry of their excuses, until they are needed. The *people* do not ask that their Senators and Representatives shall be continually explaining their position. There is no need of explanation. The purpose of the Republican party was set forth with sufficient plainness in the Philadelphia Platform, and in Colonel Fremont's letters, and no man has any right to add or take from them anything. The platform and the letters did not pretend to exact uniformity of opinion upon minor points, but only to state the general purposes of the party for the time being. It is entirely competent, we take it, for Republicans, during the next four years, to discuss the policy of dissolution, or the doctrines of Lysander Spooner, and for as many of them as consent to these doctrines to adopt them. It is idle to suppose that the Republican party of 1856 attained the perfection of wisdom on the anti-slavery question, or that the Republican party of 1860 will do so. The contest of 1856 has been fought upon one issue. That issue may be the best for 1860, or it may not. Events may bring up other issues. Discussion may bring new light. Let each contest take care of itself. The purpose of the Republican party is best stated, by Mr. Sumner, in the formula, "FROSTRATE THE SLAVE OLIGARCHY." How to do that is a matter of fair discussion, year by year. Let us have as few apologies as possible for the past, and no more pledges than are necessary for the future.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1856.

THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION AND FAIR.

IF there be among us any hopeful souls who believe that the labours of the Abolitionists are well-nigh ended, and that the work of immediate and unconditional emancipation is somehow to be done by the great and energetic political party, which, within a few months, has sprung up so suddenly, and in such gigantic proportions, they would, we think, have been undeceived by dropping in, for an hour or two, at the recent Anti-Slavery Convention at Philadelphia. In a city of nearly half a million of inhabitants, with we do not remember how many Republican voters, at no time, during the sitting of that Convention, were there more than three hundred persons present; and of those three hundred, probably two-thirds, at least, were persons whose familiar faces may have been seen any time these past twenty years at similar gatherings. A stranger who had witnessed the progress of the recent Presidential campaign, had shared its enthusiasm, and had been led to believe thereby that the one great work, which the majority of the Northern people had set before them to do, is, to effect the speedy triumph of the great principle of FREE SOIL and FREE MEN, and who should have hastened to this Convention in the expectation of seeing an earnest of that spirit of freedom which would seize with eagerness upon every opportunity to accomplish that work, would have been wofully disappointed. That handful of unpretending and, for the most part, uninfluential, persons would have presented to him a striking contrast to the imposing hosts of men who gathered together everywhere, through the Summer and Autumn months, to pledge their strength and means for Fremont and Freedom. And the reflection would have been inevitably forced upon such an observer that either the recent manifestation of popular devotion to the cause of human rights had in it something fallacious and deceptive to those not familiar with our national characteristics, and the demands of the anti-slavery cause, or else that the purpose for which the Abolitionists are striving is altogether visionary.

We do not intend to enter here upon the discussion of either of these propositions, while we are quite willing to report the fact that the Philadelphia Convention was a very small one, with a very limited infusion of new material, and differing so little from previous Conventions of a similar character that one would not have conjectured, merely from attending it, that such a tornado of political anti-slavery had so recently swept over the country. One lesson, at least, we should have learned from it, if the experience of nearly a score of years had not already burned it into us, that the Abolitionists are peculiarly of that class of persons to whom was addressed that Scripture—by your faith ye shall remove mountains.

In such reflections, however, perhaps we hardly enough consider that the Convention was rather an adjunct to the Fair—a sort of familiar conclave of friends who chose such an opportunity for pleasant intercourse—than an occasion intended to devise ways and means of carrying on the movement, and of acting upon public opinion. In any aspect it was what Friends would call a "tendering season," for we could hardly look in each other's faces without renewed hope and confidence, where we saw nothing of zeal abated, nothing of lukewarmness, nothing of backsliding, when so much has happened, within the last few months, to turn the faces of the faithful away from the path that leads Zionward. And considered simply as a gathering of friends bound together by ties of long familiar friendship and labour in a common cause, it was a season of eminent satisfaction. It was pleasant to greet the face of the Pioneer on whom the principal labour of talking devolved, and whose spectacles, benignant as Mr. Pickwick's own, beamed upon us all, through the sessions of two days, and on two evenings in the Fair. His words of encouragement, his clear and forcible exposition of principles, sweeping away all chicaneries, all entanglements, all wordiness which tended to confound or mislead, confirmed, as they always do, the strong and the upright, and strengthened the weak and the wavering. Nor were other speakers wanting. Mrs. Mott, who would have been George Fox, had she lived in George Fox's time, and he had not been born; Mr. McKim, who always says the right thing at the right time, in the clearest way; Davis, who fills others with the overrunning zeal of which he is too full to hold; Grew, who, in himself, is enough to take away from the cause the reproach of an undevout and heretical spirit; and last, because latest in the good work, Miss Watkins, the very pathos of whose tones brought tears to many eyes. The good things and the wise things said by all these, and more briefly by others, were enough to make the Convention both pleasant and profitable. The one only disappointment was that Mr. Furness, who was to have spoken on one of the evenings, in the Fair, was prevented by illness.

But it was not only pleasant and profitable, it was entertaining. It was amusing to see the practical evidence, at such meetings, of the popular estimation of the freedom of the anti-slavery platform. No sooner does any man run counter to the popular current on any question of a moral bearing, and so render himself in any measure obnoxious, or attain to any degree of unenviable notoriety, than straightway he drifts into an anti-slavery Convention, hoping there to find fellowship, or, at least, to be delivered without let or hindrance of any platitude or flatulency with which he may be burdened. So, at this Convention we were favoured with the presence of a gentleman who has attained to eminence in a certain department of science, and who, we believe, is in possession of high social position, but who, for anything he had to say, for any sympathy with, or comprehension of, anti-slavery truths, which he entertained, had no more call there than he might have to a Methodist conventicle. He occupied a good deal of time, and the little he had to say bearing upon the question of slavery would have been just bearable in a Boy's Debating Society five-and-twenty years ago. Probably his sole reason for appearing there was that as a Spiritualist he has been subjected to some degree of popular odium. Nevertheless, he was listened to with respect, and that patience which comes of long experience.

A good deal of time was also consumed by two other persons, who were borne with, not because their bearing was manly, or reasonable, or gentlemanly, nor yet because ignorance could be alleged as a palliation for their impertinence, but simply because they were coloured. These men were a Dr. Bias and a Mr. Robert Douglass. Of the two the latter was the principal spokesman. It is not worth while to describe his speech, as neither its subject nor its maker are of consequence enough to waste words upon. But it was very amusing to listen to. If the address of Bombastes Furioso to his boots was spread over a Five-Act Farce, it could not exceed the bathos and absurdity, the extraordinary flights of extravagance and inanity which this man attained to. When we remember it, it would be with a sort of pity at the weakness that could so betray itself, were it not that we remember also how patent it was to everybody that both of these exhibitors were moved by no other spirit than that of wounded vanity because their merits have not been appreciated as they believe they deserved to be. They did no harm, however, except to themselves, and proved nothing but that they are of that small class of persons among the coloured people whose zeal for anti-slavery is shown in jealousy and impatience of those white Abolitionists who love the cause too much to prostitute it for the benefit of a few individual black men. In a larger assembly, and of a different sort of people, these persons, at the Philadelphia Convention would have met with, and justified the contempt which, for their sakes, would have been visited upon their race.

We have left ourselves but little room to say anything of the Fair, if, indeed, we should have much to say in any case. It was crowded with things useful and beautiful, and abounded with that production for which Philadelphia is famous—if we may be pardoned for mentioning it in so grave a place—her fair women. The room, whenever we saw it, was always well filled, and sometimes crowded, and the buying and selling seemed always going on with great spirit and activity. The anti-slavery people of Pennsylvania value their Fair, we believe, not merely for what it brings them in dollars and cents, but also as a means of social converse and influence. It brings many within their sphere who would not be likely to be reached by any graver influence, and enables the Abolitionists themselves to be drawn closer together by making them better known to each other in the freedom of social and holiday intercourse. If our observation was not amiss none had reason to complain that this Fair did not eminently serve this secondary purpose of social intercourse. Our testimony, at least, for our own share in it, must be emphatic. We received much which we think will be for "our spiritual and everlasting good."

PORTRAITS.

THE *Tribune* has a somewhat *cantankerous* "Occasional Correspondent" in Boston who rejoices in the signature of *Byles*. Whether he chose for himself that *soubriquet* because of his admiration of the well-known Divine who was the plague of his friends, and the terror of his enemies, some three-quarters of a century ago, in Boston, or whether he remembered what it was which made one of the chiefest inflictions of the Most Patient of men, and intended, by his choice of a name, to foreshadow the torment and grief he meant to bring upon the elect of his own day and generation, we do not pretend to know. But certain we are that he is an infliction which the Boston folks have need of all their equanimity and forbearance to put up with, and we only wonder that some public measures have not, long ere this, been taken for his abatement. He is totally without respect for times, or seasons, or dignitaries, will gird at a General Fast, or a General Training, discuss a Governor, a Mayor or a Major-General, "o'er his cold ashes upbraid" such a saint as Webster, or hold up to merciless ridicule such an incarnation of respectability as Mr. Appleton, as cruelly and as unhesitatingly as if the Institutions of Massachusetts were things of vulgar moment, and her Rulers men of common clay.

This pestilent gentleman has, at length, fallen among the Abolitionists, and takes it upon himself to describe, and comment upon, Mr. Garrison, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Quincy. He is probably not aware of the sort of the company he has got into, and that this class of persons live fully up to the belief that they are "nothing if not critical." So far he has done no great harm; but if his audacity should lead him to discuss personal character as well as personal appearance, to comment, in anything more than generalities, upon motives and purposes as freely as he does upon hair and eyes, he may find himself invited to a feast where a stronger appetite than his even will be needed to do it full justice. There is one of those gentlemen, just named, who, should *he* be provoked to get into Mr. Byles's hair, Mr. Byles will remember it the longest day he has to live. We beg to say this to him by way of a friendly warning.

As a portion of his last letter will amuse our readers, and as there is not much harm in it, we copy it below:

I was the rather comforted as I happened to find myself, providentially, on the last Lord's day, in old Plymouth, the mother town of us all. There I found in session a meeting of those extreme and impracticable Abolitionists, whom the enemy tried so unjustly to mix you Republicans up with during the campaign just over, and which I see has been again attempted by Senator Pugh at Washington. These fellows have been a thorn in the side of our Church and State for this quarter of a century, and they have resisted successfully, thus far, all attempts, by persuasion or by force, to extract them from that unpleasant proximity. They have

presumed, therefore, that his health is materially improved. We have, at length, the official confirmation of this fact in an article in the Boston *Medical and Surgical Journal*, in a paper upon his case by Dr. Perry, his physician. In concluding the paper, Dr. Perry says:

"Since Mr. Sumner's return to Boston, he has been gradually improving. He has followed a rigid system of exercise in the open air, and carefully avoided all intellectual excitement. The pressure in his head, or sensation of weight, which formerly came on after the slightest mental or physical exertion, and which was very oppressive, is now felt only after great fatigue or considerable effort of the mind. He still complains, after sitting up for a long time, of pain in his back; and when he rises from his bed or chair, he finds at first some difficulty in using the muscles of the lower extremities, but after walking a short time they become quite flexible and under the complete control of the will. His appetite is good, he sleeps much better than he did, and is gaining flesh and strength. I see no reason why he may not entirely recover, unless he allows himself too soon to enter upon his Senatorial duties. He has already assumed the external appearance of health. Time and mental repose will do the rest.

"I think it is impossible to decide with absolute certainty what the pathological condition of Mr. Sumner's brain has been; but I am inclined to the opinion of Dr. Jackson, 'that the brain, as well as the spinal cord, has been the seat of some serious lesion.' The long continued sense of weight in his head, the pain along the spine, the partial loss of power in the lower extremities, the loss of flesh during the first three months after the attack, and the wakefulness, without any affection of the mind, would lead, I think, to this conclusion. Had the patient died, a post-mortem examination would have determined conclusively the character of the injury; but we can only make an approximation to a true appreciation of the case by a cautious interpretation of the symptoms."

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCI.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent magnifieth his Correspondence—He sympathizes with himself—He marvelleth at the blindness of the publishers—He maketh a porcelline comparison—But consoleth himself with Philosophy—He returneth to the Hudson—How he came to go to Idlewild—Where he first knew its master—And imbibed his own Orthodoxy—He quoteth Solomon and maintaineth his pleasry inspiration—He compareth himself to Parson Adams—His pedestrious grace and its reward—His first sight of Idlewild—He describeth the Ravine—And the House—What he was left to do—He is poetical and descriptive—He goeth to Tarrytown—And telleth of what he found there—He describeth Sunnyside—And the adjoining estates—His walk over enchanted ground, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, Dec. 16, 1856.

Do you notice the Roman Numerals which indicate the number of letters which you have had from me? Two hundred! And this the *Oneth!* I wonder what they all can have been about. I marvel whether anybody else ever wrote so many. Madame de Sévigné, Lady Mary Wortley, Horace Walpole, Cowper—they all wrote letters good store—I wonder whether they ever, any of them, wrote two hundred. As to whether they were, any, or all of them put together, as good as mine, I am too modest to express an opinion, but were there as many of them? I profess I am sensibly affected when I think how hard I must have worked in your cause—how much epistolary virtue must have gone out of me. I am astonished that there is any left. Why doesn't some enterprising publisher offer me twenty thousand dollars for the Copyright? There's a fortune going a begging—much more substantial than those airy ones in England which our speculative Browns, Joneses and Robinsons club their means to recover and divide among themselves—and nobody ready to take it in! Two hundred letters running about, like so many roasted pigs in Cocaigne, with knives and forks sticking in them, and crying aloud, "Come eat me! come eat me!" and no man regardeth them! But hath this not always been the way in which Wisdom hath been treated ever since the world began? So let it pass.

I told you in my last letter that perhaps I would give you some farther inklings of my adventures on the Hudson during my Arnold Pilgrimage. And as nothing *will* happen here, and as you insist on your tale of bricks, straw or no straw, perhaps I may as well go back a month or two to the banks of that broad river and see if I can pick some up that may serve your turn this week. Well, then, having occasion to visit the neighbourhood of Newburgh, on some matters of a private nature, I determined that I would not let the opportunity slip by of paying a visit to Idlewild, which all the world knows is the home of the poet Willis. Mr. Willis and I were schoolfellows, I will not say how long ago, on the Consecrated Hill of Andover. It was there that I imbibed that rigidity of orthodoxy which has been the prevailing feature of my character ever since. If I had not, it certainly was not for lack of abundant means of grace. I cannot affirm whether my celebrated schoolfellow got *his* there or not, as his domestic opportunities for the development of early piety were greater than mine. There we were trained up in the way we should go, and as we have Solomon's word for it that, in such case, a child when he is old will not depart from it, it would be a denial of the plenary inspiration of the Bible in any one to doubt that this Scripture was fulfilled in both our cases. Though our relations had always been friendly, the diverging tides of life had borne us in different directions, and it was many years since we had last met together. But I felt very sure that I should receive a cordial greeting from my old friend; and the result proved that I had not mistaken my man.

Landing at Newburgh, like Parson Adams, I preferred "the pedestrious to the vehicular expeditation," and, scorning all the proffers of leathern conveniences, I set out to make my way to Idlewild on foot. The day was precisely as perfect a one as Autumn could shake out of her cornucopia (if she carry her days in it)— cold, clear, crisp—and the walk of five miles along the bank of the river, with the glorious Highlands before me, was a continual delight which made fatigue impossible. Crossing the covered bridge and making my inquiries of the Moodra Port-mistress, who also sits at the receipt of taxes for crossing the same, I turned from the high-way into a narrow road which still clung to the river's side after the broader way had turned its course inland. This soon brought me within sight of Idlewild, looking down from what seemed to be its inaccessible eyrie among the trees. This is the true point from which to catch the first view of it, as the effect is amazingly picturesque and entirely unique. The road soon begins to climb up the side of the bank of the river and conducts you as you climb with it up a steep and winding way, among woods and rocks across the Ravine, with which all the multitudinous readers of the *Home Journal* are well familiar, over a rustic bridge spanning the stream which has broken its way through it to the Hudson. This Ravine is as romantic a spot as poet or painter could ask for, with its wild walks now over-ledging the stream, now crossing it on footbridges, perhaps of a single log, and now cork-screwing themselves among the trees on either bank, as they found opportunity and possibility.

The house itself, thus approached, stands on the broad *platéau* where the land having scrambled up from the brink of the river stops to rest before it begins to stretch itself away towards the interior. It is of brick, painted of a cream colour, when it is yellowest, and rather *cottageous* than otherwise in its outward build. Still, it is a cottage *ornée*, without and within, architecturally picturesque, but without any sacrifice of space, convenience and elegance indoors. Of the welcome I found within those gates I shall say nothing—or only this, that the two hours which I had appointed as the utmost limit of my stay grew into as many days, before they closed upon my departure. But a nobler site for a house for prince or poet it would be hard to find throughout the world—so varied and so superb is the scenery amid which it stands. Though the place is but three or four years old, by the judicious management of the trees and shrubbery which were found there, it has the air of dating much further back by many years. Those who are familiar with the strictness of my principles on such points will understand the degree to which my admiration was awakened by the prospects lying on every side, when they hear that I actually attended the *levée* of the Sun (though the hours he still kept were most inexcusably early), in order to see how they would look under his opening eyelids. And, really, the sight I saw made me pardon myself for the relaxation of the usual severity of my habits, in which I indulged on this extraordinary occasion.

The morning was clear and cold. A hoar frost just silvered the turf and made it crisp under the feet. The river spread itself broad and deep before me, as it rolled onwards towards the gorge of the mountains where it passed from sight. High over it hung an outstretched canopy of light fleecy mist, beneath which the river, with its gliding sails, forever putting themselves in exactly the right points of view, and the further bank could be distinctly seen. The mountains stood with their outlines clearly relieved against the dark blue of the early morning sky, flecked with here and there a lingering star. Presently, as the kindling glow behind them announced the coming of the Sun, the mist over the river rose, and, shaking out the folds of its drapery, soon hid the mountains entirely from view. Gradually the clouds lifted themselves majestically upwards, and the sharp edges of mountains were successively bared again against the sky. On the other side of the river, up the stream, was a fine expanse of level country, with farms and villages and spires lying in the early sunshine. The moon, then near the full, not yet extinguished in the growing day, hung low in the West. The voice of a single crow alone broke the silence and gave a fresh expression to the pervading sense of peace and solitude. Turning to the house, the cheerful glow of a blazing wood-fire seen through the windows inviting me within, I could not but think how singularly happy was my friend in finding himself at anchor in such a harbour as this after the vicissitudes of rough and fair weather he had encountered in his voyage of life. Those of your readers who ever indulge in the vanity of novel-reading have ere this read the last work of Mr. Willis, and, whether Paul Fane be indeed in any sense an Autobiography (as the world seems determined it shall be) or not, they cannot but feel that the mind capable of those nice analyses of metaphysical anatomy must be keenly alive to the sense of escape and of safety which he must feel in a home, so beautiful without and within, like that he has found at Idlewild.

After two happy days, I left behind me Idlewild and my old friend (and, what is the next best thing to an old friend, a *new* one), and took my way down the river again. In due time I found myself at Tarrytown, led by the zeal which inspired my Arnold Pilgrimage, where poor André was arrested. A monument marks the spot by the wayside where the three Cowboys (or Skinners, I forget which) were sitting playing cards that memorable morning, little dreaming that they were going to rise winners of an historical and popular immortality. One can, by a violent effort of imagination, level all the houses of the village that has grown up around the place and restore it to the solitude in which it lay that fine September day. There is the brook yet flowing at which André watered his horse just before he fell into the hands of the Philistines, and the same hill looks down upon the scene that witnessed it then. But it is as different from what it was then as a lonely road can be from the busy street of a village. But I was grateful that the spot itself had been spared, and that a barn or a pig-sty had not been built over it. About three miles of charming country from Tarrytown, down the river, is Sunnyside, where Washington Irving is passing his green and honoured old age. It is a home such as a poet would have dreamed as the fittest for the close of so illustrious and beneficent a life. Nothing can exceed the picturesque beauty of the house and of the grounds surrounding it. The wood-cuts in the December No. of Harper's Magazine do but very indifferent justice to the original. The *demesne* of Mr. Irving is of very moderate extent; but as there are no fences between him and the extensive estates above him, his grounds virtually stretch on nearly to Tarrytown. I imagine most of us would break down the walls of partition that might divide us from such a neighbour. It was a day of the most exquisite texture, and its memory is imprinted on my mind for its own sensuous deliciousness as well as for being that on which I first stood face to face with one who had been my friend, as he has been of millions beside, since my childhood. After too brief an interview, but one as long as I had the assurance to make, I whiled away the time till the train for New York was due in wandering at my will over the grounds of his next neighbour—I believe, Mr. M. H. Grinnell. They were singularly well *landscape-gardened* and their natural beauties enhanced or developed by a judicious skill. It was really like strolling in the pleasure grounds of an enchanted palace—the day was so beautiful, the scene so lovely, and not a human or living being, except the birds, to be seen or heard. For a couple of hours I roamed through the walks and groves of that place and the next adjoining, without a glimpse of man or domestic animal. I suppose the families were not in residence; but, whether or not, I thanked them for the pleasures they added to that day memorable in my annals. It put me in mind of the enchanted gardens of Beauty and the Beast—only there was no Beast.

D. Y.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

DUBLIN, November 28, 1856.

MESSRS. EDITORS: A story goes of a man who boasted, in the days of George the Third of glorious memory, that the King spoke to him. When asked what his Majesty said to him, he replied, "He bid him get out of his way." In like manner I may exalt my horn, inasmuch as you have honoured the question I put to you about the best means of dissolving the Union, by informing me that is a matter which wise Abolitionists leave to the world's people to settle in their own way. All you know is that the thing must be done, and those who have to do it may best be left to settle the preliminaries and do the job. I have no doubt you are in the right. I thought your reply to my impertinence very good and very dignified, and that I had done something to be proud of in having earned such a drubbing. Still, when I am talking to myself, and have no fear of you before my eyes, I say, "To be sure, it is very silly to wish to know how the Union is to be dissolved. I am sure it must and will come round in some way or other. But most people think it impossible, and would it not be well to try and make such as these see that what has happened before may happen again—that the people of the free States might possibly have air to breathe, food to eat and raiment to put on, that they might be as healthy, as wealthy, as safe and as hearty if left to take care of themselves as they now are while cowering before that swaggering bully, their Southern brother. Babes require milk, and brother Jonathan, innocent, helpless little dear, he wants to be shown how to stand alone proudly without Master Brooks to help him along and guide his tottering steps. He is a smart child, but he can't bear the notion of walking alone. I wish these editors were not so stiff with him, but would pat him on the back and show him how much better it is to take care of himself than to keep bad company with that bad boy who knocks him down, covers him with mud and licks him for falling. Let him take courage and do as Deacon Freeman did when his wicked wife tormented him—put her away—and from henceforth live happy, hearty and respected. But there is no use in talking to an editor. These folks never admit they are mistaken. They are always omniscient, always infallible, and I am not the man to knock my head to no purpose against a wall." Such, much revolving on these matters, have been some of my meditations. And I cannot but say that I hoped that "A. B." might turn out the two first letters of Adin Ballou's* name when I saw his letter in THE STANDARD so good-naturedly backing me up, taking his stand by his side, and saying, with noble devotion, "If this poor Irishman has said a foolish thing, here am I with another, and so there is a pair of us." You will be happy to hear that I had a letter lately from a Philadelphian Solomon who thinks that Adin and I might as well fish for moonbeams as spend our time in such vain speculations—that the Union is doomed, and that it is absurd for us to stand with our hands behinds our backs, waiting to see the tree falling.

As I have been so signally defeated on the subject of the how and wherefore of the dissolution, I have another suggestion to make, which may possibly be considered more practical. It is intended for the benefit of all the friends of the Union, from Atchison and Stringfellow on the one hand to Samuel J. May and Gerrit Smith on the other, and embraces, with a few exceptions, the whole twenty or thirty or forty millions (I don't know which) of the American people, the slaves and the Garrisonian Abolitionists only excepted. To these I would propose that a reward should be offered for the best Essay showing how the Union can be preserved consistently with the maintenance of the rights of the South, the liberties of the North, and the harmonious working of the Constitution, with illustrative remarks on the training of "happy families," on the rearing of dogs and cats together in harmony, &c. &c. I think this an extremely interesting subject, and it will give rise to a great display of American talent. Indeed, I know of nothing which shows so remarkably the noble daring of the American people as the complacency with which they set to work to reconcile so strange a conglomeration of opposing principles into one grand and glorious Republican Confederation. It is sublime to think upon, and makes one rather ashamed to be connected with that clan of Abolitionists who show the white feather, retire from the struggle, and flatly declare that the thing can't be done. I want you to induce people to show you that it can be effected, and *how* it can be effected into the bargain. So long associated as I have been with chicken-hearted Garrisonians, my faith is weak; but who knows but we may all be converted when the Prize Essay that I propound is published.

Some of our newspapers that always affect especial sagacity are beginning to see that nothing could have been better than Mr. Buchanan's election: he is an old man; he is a Pennsylvanian; he is from one of the middle States; he will be for moderate councils; he will not go to extremes; he will look about for a steady Cabinet; he is not sectional; he will not offend the South; but he will rule for the good of all, and a great deal more to the same effect. I think that if he tries to please North and South, he will please neither; and that if he satisfies the South, the North will continue the present revolution, that poor old Mr. Buchanan will die in vexation, that Breckenridge will reign in his stead, and that before very long the only news worth looking for will come by way of the Atlantic Telegraph.

I am your friend, RICHARD D. WEBB.

[* The article referred to was by Abraham Brooke, of Ohio.—*Eds. Standard.*]

THE SLAVE CASE BEFORE THE SUPREME COURT.—A decision has not yet been given in the case of "Dred" before the Supreme Court at Washington, and, of course, no intimation as to what that decision is likely to be. Mr. Giddings, writing to the *Ashtabula Sentinel*, makes the following suggestions in regard to it:

"It will be borne in mind that a majority of the Judges are slaveholders, while Judge Greer, of Pennsylvania, is far less to be depended upon than ordinary slaveholders. I would not intimate that they are intentionally corrupt; but being bred up and educated amid slavery, all the bias of their minds are with and for the institution.

"Again, the slaveholders appear to rely upon the expected decision with perfect confidence. Indeed, it has been supposed by many that the case is in fact fabulous, but was brought here merely to obtain the sanction of the Supreme Court to the Nebraska bill.

"The pro-slavery papers are proclaiming in advance the great solemnity with which the decision is to be made, and the duty of all to submit to it, and the great evil of the decision will consist in its effects upon the minds of the people. We have no Mansfield on the Supreme Bench to strike out boldly for justice and humanity.

"Granville Sharp and his friends in England laboured twenty-three years after Lord Chancellor Hardwick declared that trover laws for a slave in the courts of Great Britain, before Mansfield broke through all precedents and prejudices, and declared that no slave could breathe the air of England.

"Judge McLean has heretofore given a decision clearly, distinctly, and ably declaring that slaves, under the Federal Constitution, *are not property*. I trust he will not merely abide by it, but will bring all the resources of his mind to make his positions so forcibly felt that slaveholders shall understand and expect it. The slaveholders are generally stung to madness by the persistency of the Republicans, while the latter show no signs of falling back from their platform. It is, however, certain that the conflict thickens rather than subsides."

ANTI-SLAVERY IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—An esteemed correspondent in New Hampshire, who probably feels some natural sensitiveness as to the reputation of a State which is so unfortunate as to have been the birthplace of President Pierce, writes us that:

"The anti-slavery sentiment seems to be making some progress in this State. The voters at the late Presidential election, as you have learned from the papers, gave from five to six thousand majority in favour of that shade of anti-slavery as embraced in the Philadelphia platform. But there are many in this State who are ready to go to far greater extent, in prohibition or abolition of slavery, than what is required by that platform. Some say, No more slave territory, no more slave States. Others say, Abolish slavery throughout the Union, either over, around or through the United States Constitution, in any way practicable, they not admitting that they are bound by any iniquitous bargain by the framers of that instrument."

It is cheering to be assured that such a sentiment, however vague it may be, exists in any portion of the people of New Hampshire. It is quite as prevalent, we have no doubt, in all the Northern Republican States. There is a growing dislike to slavery, and an increasing indifference to the Union, everywhere; but dislike must ripen to hatred, and indifference to abhorrence, ere the North will be possessed of the spirit that will either prevent the extension of slavery or abolish it where it now exists. Does our friend in New Hampshire see much increase of a spirit of that sort?

MRS. CHILD TO THE WOMEN OF KANSAS.—*The* (KANSAS) *Herald of Freedom* publishes the following characteristic letter from Mrs. Child, which was received with a box of clothing sent by her for the relief of some of the long-suffering people of that devoted Territory:

"WAYLAND, MASS., Oct. 28, 1856.

"TO THE WOMEN OF KANSAS—*Dear Sisters:* I send you a few garments, hoping they might afford you some comfort, if called upon to tend the sick or the wounded. While I was making them, I seemed to hear the alarm-drum beat, and the rifle-shots whizzing at dead of night; and my heart bled with yours. Never, never have my sympathies been so powerfully excited. Never have I been so proud of women as I have been while reading of your patient endurance and your undaunted heroism. Whatever may be the issue of the present momentous struggle, the example of Kansas, so brave, yet so forbearing, under her accumulated wrongs, will shine forever a bright beacon-light for posterity.

"May our Heavenly Father sustain you, and strengthen you, and deliver you out of the hands of the spoiler.

"Yours, with affectionate sympathy and respect,

"L. MARIA CHILD."

ADVANCE OF CIVILIZATION AMONG THE CHINESE.—The latest accounts from California bring intelligence of the great advance of civilization among the Chinese in that State. They are generally adopting the American style of dress, and have made rapid strides in the arts of chewing tobacco, drinking brandy and lager beer.

Summary.

THE SOUTHERN EMIGRANT ENTERPRISE — *St. Louis*, Wednesday, Dec. 24, 1856.—The correspondent of the *Republican*, writing from Westport, says that Major Buford has published a statement in which he shows his loss by the Southern Emigrant Enterprise to have been upward of $10,000.

Rev. Mr. Lovejoy, of Cambridge, Mass., has been elected Democratic member of the Legislature of that State. He has been invited to address his party and has accepted. Won't some religious paper rebuke him for "preaching politics," and not "minding his own business"?

ADVANCE OF FREEDOM.—According to an estimate in the Boston *Atlas*, under the next apportionment the free States will be in a majority of two to one in the popular branch of the national legislature. The present House contains 90 members from the slave States—not reckoning the slave members from the free States—and 146 from the free States.

It is stated that John Appleton of Maine has been appointed Private Secretary of the President elect.—*The Papers.*

John is used to being Secretary. He was one of the earliest and most enthusiastic Secretaries of the Maine *Abolition* Society.—*Painesville (O.) Telegraph.*

The South Carolina Legislature adjourned *sine die* on the 20th ult. Among the acts passed was "An act to amend an act entitled 'An act more effectually to prevent free negroes and other persons of colour from entering into the State, and for other purposes,' passed the nineteenth day of December, A. D. 1835." The terms of the act have not yet reached us.

A GOOD REASON FOR DISCONTINUING THE PAPER.—The Warsaw (Mo.) *Democrat* has the following:

"We strike the name of two of our subscribers from our books this week who have recently been hung in Texas. We do this because we are not advised, as yet, of their present locality."

PIERCE AND THE SENATE.—The Democratic *Standard* of Concord, N. H., a paper which supports Wells for Governor, notices the story that President Pierce intends to run for the Senate in place of Mr. Hale, and gives credit to it. It thinks that this project indicates a want of gratitude in the President towards many Democrats, and predicts that he can never be elected, even if the State should become Democratic.

In a puff of Brown's Hotel, the principal headquarters of the Virginia "chivalry" at Washington, the Petersburg (Va.) *Democrat*, a sheet edited by A. D. Banks, Buchanan's candidate for Clerk of the House, furnishes the following sample of slave-driving arrogance:

"The most of the other hotels in Washington are the rendezvous of the Black Republican members and lobby, many of whom are absolutely offensive in the sight of decent people."

MISS SEDGEWICK NOT DEAD.—The papers are just now freely circulating an announcement that Miss Catherine M. Sedgewick, the authoress, died at her home in Stockbridge last October; but the din of politics was so great at the time that the world's ear did not resound with the sad news. The error, for it is one, grew in some way out of the fact of her brother's death. Miss Sedgewick herself still lives, and we trust has many a year of that life which so charmingly unites, in her case, the useful and the beautiful, before herself and her friends.—*Springfield Republican.*

SERIOUS LOSS TO SENATOR BELL.—It is announced in the papers that Senator John Bell, of Tennessee, has lost ten thousand dollars by the late panic among the white people in his region. Four of his negroes were hung by order of one of the local courts, and five others by the mob. The loss to the negroes is not considered worth stating. In this region, when a man is so unfortunate as to be hanged, the press occupies itself principally with the details concerning the culprit himself, and we have never known it to fail to give at least his *name*. But the nine negroes will remain forever unknown to fame, while their *owner* and his loss are widely made known. This is a funny arrangement.—*Boston Telegraph.*

A monument to the Pilgrim Fathers has been agreed upon by the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, Mass., who are making efforts to raise funds to erect it on Plymouth Rock. The height is to be 150 feet; it will be crowned by a colossal figure 70 feet in height; and four others, seated upon the buttresses of the pedestal, will have a height of 38 feet. The pannels below the figures are filled with alto-reliefs of "The Departure from Delft-Haven," "The Signing of the Social Compact in the Cabin of the Mayflower," "The Landing at Plymouth," and "The First Treaty with the Indians."

FILLIBUSTERING GODLINESS.—General Duff Green delivered his views of a superintending Providence at the Nicaragua fillibuster meeting in New York. As the result of his scriptural investigation, he came to the conclusion that "it is found necessary, in the providence of God, *that the heathen shall be exterminated*, or else brought under the mild influences of the Gospel, by contact with the white race." This he relies upon to justify the invasion of Walker. How heathenish the people may be whose Christian churches Walker has just fired in Granada, we cannot tell, but we doubt very much the "influence of the Gospel" that he will bring to them.—*Prov. Journal.*

Hon. Emerson Etheridge, of Tennessee, the mover of the resolution against the slave trade, is one of the purest-minded and best-hearted men in the House, and one, too, in advance of the sentiment of the country he represents. He is a slaveholder himself, but voted against the Fugitive Slave law and the Nebraska bill, and was sustained in it by his constituency. He is one of the ablest men in the House, though he but seldom speaks. The sphere in which he delights is, before the House opens its session in the morning, to give his views to his friends as they sit round the fire in the lobby, back of the Speaker's chair.

Quite a number of intelligent political refugees from France, and some other good and industrious men, have been sent down to Virginia to labour there, by an "Industrial Association" in New York. The Richmond *Enquirer* snuffs treason and all sorts of stratagems, and amiably denounces them as follows:

"The impudence of this attempt on the part of the Abolitionists of New York and Boston to garrison Virginia with their janissaries, and to pollute our soil with the presence of their rabble of paupers and criminals, provokes rebuke and retaliation. The danger with which they threaten our institutions calls for the interference of the Legislature."

AMERICAN PEERESSES.—The death of Lady Stafford, in England, one of the three grand-daughters of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, who married an English nobleman, has again given rise to remark on the singular circumstance of three sisters marrying noblemen of the highest rank; but the coincidence is still greater in this case, as neither of the sisters had offspring, so that no American blood was infused into the peerage by them. Their niece, Miss McTavish, of Baltimore, married a brother of Lord Carlisle, but parted from her husband after living with him but a short time. There have been but two other American women who have married English noblemen—Miss Bingham, wife of the first Lord Ashburton, and Miss Cadwallader, the wife of the first Lord Erskine; both of these ladies were natives of Philadelphia.—*Phil. Jour.*

Our Supreme Court is much exercised by the fear that it will, at no remote day, be brought into direct collision with the Supreme Court of the United States. The latter tribunal is pretty sure to decide that owners of slaves have the right to take their property just where they please in the Union; and if they should bring them here, our Supreme Court will most assuredly set them free, if called upon to act, and the whole power of the State will be used to maintain its ruling. We have no idea of submitting to the centralizing decisions of a court that is now dominated by small lawyers. I shouldn't wonder if our next election were made to turn entirely upon this very point. We shall want able, independent, strong-minded, backboned men in office when the hour of trial comes.—*Bost. Cor. of Evening Post.*

AN INTERESTING CASE.—On Friday evening last two coloured men, named Julian B. McCrea and John Stevenson, presented themselves for admittance at the Family Circle entrance of the Howard Athenæum, having purchased tickets for that part of the house. They were denied admittance by the door-keeper, who told them that the regulations of the house were that coloured persons be admitted to the gallery only, and that if tickets had been sold them, it was by mistake. They persisted in entering, but two police officers were called, and they were compelled to leave. On the following day McCrea and Stevenson brought suits for ejectment against the lessee and manager of the establishment, Mr. B. G. Marsh, who gave bonds in $1,000 to answer the same in January. The question involved is one of interest, and a decision upon the point will be looked for with curiosity.—*Boston Herald.*

A THRIFTY PARSON.—A donation party was given the other day to a clergyman in one of our New England villages, and among the articles he received was a superb "tile" from the Genin of the place. The parson, much pleased with the hat, ventured to ask the donor what such a hat ought to be worth? "That is an eight dollar hat," was the reply. The parson turned it over again, renewed his thanks to the hatter and remarked that it was "very fine, very fine indeed," and so they parted.

The next day the parson wended his way to the hatter's store, and, after the customary salutation, took him aside, observed that he was not accustomed to wear hats worth eight dollars; that a four dollar hat was good enough for him—a plenty. He concluded by proposing to exchange the hat he had received for a four dollar one, and to "take the balance in money." Fact!—*Evening Post.*

The Washington *Union* is disturbed by what it calls the renewal of the sectional agitation at Washington. It predicts that "the Republican leaders will have cause to regret the continued agitation of the sectional question involved in the late Presidential election, which they have unwisely and rashly provoked by their assaults on the President's message." The New York *Post* compares this complaint to the case of an Irishman who appeared with a bruised face before a magistrate to swear an assault and battery against one of his countrymen. "Did you do nothing to provoke the assault?" inquired the magistrate. "Not the least thing in life," answered the Irishman; "I just gave him a blow on the head with my shillaleh, bidding him be quiet and peaceable, and the dirty spalpeen, instead of minding me, knocked me into the gutter."

The Hon. Mr. Bradley, an old veteran from Vermont, was in the Senate chamber before the session commenced. He was Senator from that State in 1812, and was at the Capitol at the time the British made their attack upon it. He appears ten years younger than Gen. Cass, who was a young lawyer in Ohio when he was here. A number of Senators crowded around him and were entertained by jokes and stories, which he dealt out with great liberality. His last visit before this one was when Gen. Jackson was President. "I went to see the General," says he, "and he sit me down in his arm chair, and, giving me a slap on the leg, said 'What a hearty old cock you are, Bradley! What makes you so fat?' 'I don't know,' says I, 'unless it is that I havn't got any office, and I don't want any.' I aint much of an idolator, but I've kept those pants till now that the General gave such a familiar slap." The venerable Senator will weigh about two hundred and fifty. Long life to him.—*Wash. Cor. Herald.*

SINGULAR PIETY.—The New Orleans *Advocate* gives the following description of a pious "overseer!"

"A few nights since the servants at a prayer meeting became very boisterous; next morning the overseer called the offending party, and said to him: 'Joe, you are a good boy; but you have done wrong, and I must correct you. Understand, now, I do not punish you for praying, but for disobeying my orders.' Joe acknowledged his fault, received a light punishment, and thanked his master, promising to do so no more. The influence of such a man for good, in his sphere, is incalculable. I may add, he is a member of the Methodist Church, *South*, and a subscriber to the New Orleans *Christian Advocate.*"

If only a *light* punishment for praying contrary to orders is evidence of piety, what would a good substantial flogging be?—*Boston Telegraph.*

THE AREA OF THE GREAT LAKES.—The five great lakes of North America have recently been surveyed, and it is found that they cover an area of 90,000 square miles. The lotal length of the five lakes is 1,534 miles. Lake Superior, at its greatest length, is 355 miles; its greatest breadth is 169 miles; mean depth, 988 feet; elevation above the sea 627 feet; area, 32,000 square miles. Lake Michigan is 360 miles long; its greatest breadth is 108 miles; its mean depth is 900 feet; elevation 687 feet; area, 20,000 square miles. Lake Huron, in its greatest length, is 200 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth, 300 feet; elevation, 574 feet; area 20,000 square miles. Lake Erie is 250 miles long; greatest breadth, 80 miles; mean depth, 200 feet; elevation, 555 feet; area 6,000 square miles. Lake Ontario has a length of 180 miles, and its mean breadth is 65 miles; mean depth, 500 feet; elevation above the ocean 262 feet; area, 6,000 square miles.

There is a set of sycophants in New York hardly known at home, and to those whom they serve known only to be despised, who occupy themselves with the care of Southern interests, acting as spies upon their neighbours, and reporting all those whose wares and merchandise are tainted by their political principles. They belong to the same class of men with those who formerly hunted up runaway negroes, and occasionally sent on a description of one copied from a Southern advertisement, and advised the owner that such a negro had been found, and that a remittance of fifty or a hundred dollars would secure his detention and surrender to his master. The remittance was sometimes made, but the negro was not as often heard from again. The same men, or the successors of these men, are now directing the attention of Southern merchants to the houses in New York that do not govern their politics by the course of trade, nor court custom by political subserviency.—*Prov. Jour.*

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENTS.—The President says, in his message:

"Perfect liberty of association for political objects, and the widest scope of discussion, are the received and ordinary conditions of government in our country."

This was said just after an election in which the friends of the candidate who carried eleven States could not utter a word in his favour in a majority of the other States without being mobbed. This "perfect liberty of association for political objects" did not allow in the northerly part of the most northerly slave States a meeting of the friends of a candidate who received, in spite of such proscription, over 1,300,000 votes, and whom the change of a few thousands of votes would have made President. This "widest scope of discussion" was illustrated by banishing men from the slave States who dared to prefer Fremont—by virtually robbing them of their property, and by denying them all redress in the courts in refusing them access to the courts.—*Providence Journal.*

SLAVERY IN OREGON.—From the Pacific *Christian Advocate*, the organ of M. E. Church in Oregon, and edited by Rev. T. H. Pearne, we perceive that this subject has awakened some attention in that Territory; and the editor gives it as his decided opinion, founded upon an extensive personal acquaintance in all parts of the Territory, that the institution can never obtain a foothold there. He remarks very justly that "if slavery is ever engrafted upon our institutions, it can be done, as we conceive, only by the consent or direction of the people here. It cannot be done by newspaper articles in New Orleans, San Francisco, or elsewhere. The free people of Oregon will certainly have a voice in the matter. We do not believe they either want it or would have it. It is not to be concealed that some would favour the introduction of slavery here, but we believe their number to be inconsiderable. The great body of the people in this country, while they do not approve of extreme or sectional measures, are at heart opposed to the introduction of slavery in Oregon."

Such being the case, we should say agitate, faithfully and constantly. Slavery cannot stand discussion. It is a creature of night. Great will be the guilt of the directors of public opinion if this curse is allowed carelessly to entail itself upon the community.—*Zion's Herald.*

EXTRAORDINARY PRICE FOR NEGROES.—A letter from Lexington, Ga., December 2, to the *Augusta Chronicle*, says:

About $130,000 worth of property was sold here to-day—land and negroes. Some of the sales were ahead of anything we have ever heard. A negro girl, 15 years old, sold for $1,280; another girl, 14 years old, sold for $1,280; another girl, 14 years old, for $1,305; another girl, 18 years old (in family way), for $1,500; a boy, 19 years old, for $1,200; a fellow, 22 years old, for $1,500. These negroes belonged to the estate of John Wynn, deceased, and were sold on a credit of 12 months. There were 57 of Wynn's negroes sold to-day, and brought $44,026. Of these a great number (more than ordinary) were women and children, and a few diseased and old sold low. It is also proper to state that but few of these negroes were bought by the legatees, and *not one* of those which we have mentioned specific prices. They were common negroes—field hands.

But the most extraordinary sales were of three negroes belonging to the estate of Mrs. Mary Watson: Leah, a negro girl, 16 years old, sold for $1,525; Harriet, about 20 years old, and child in her arms, sold for $1,810—term, 12 months. These prices appear incredible, but all who are disposed to doubt can be satisfied by referring to the Record of the Court of Ordinary of Oglethorpe County.

AN UNDERGROUND RAILROAD AGENT CAUGHT.—Messrs. William Garey and William Massey, residing near Ball's Cross Roads, in Alexandria County, Va., arrested a man on Tuesday morning last, who gave his name as Cornelius Hughes, and says he is from Connecticut, for attempting to induce a slave of Colonel William Minor, hired by Mr. Garey, to run off. Hughes was carried before Justice Wesley Carlin, who, after hearing the evidence, committed him to jail to await an examination before the County Court at its January term. It appears that Hughes saw Col. Minor's slave in Washington, and attempted then to persuade him to escape, but the negro refused, and told Hughes if he would accompany him home, he would go off with him next morning. Hughes went to Mr. Garey's with the negro, and staid all night without Garey's knowledge; the negro, however, at daybreak informed Mr. G. of the circumstances and thus led to the arrest of Hughes. Hughes gave the boy written directions how to make his escape, with the address of a house in New York city, whence he would be forwarded further North. He admitted to Justice Carlin that he had given that paper to the negro, and said his object only was to get the $25 from him, promised by the negro for his assistance. There was found on Hughes (who seems to be a machinist) a free pass for himself over the railroads from New York to Washington. He says he has two sisters living in New York, and appeared anxious to prevent an account of his arrest getting into the newspapers. The paper furnished by him to the negro, according to his own admission, embraces the necessary proof of his conviction. His punishment will be confinement in the State prison not less than two years nor more than five.—*Washington Star, Dec.* 18.

THE FIRST EMANCIPATION ACT.—Since the sins of our fathers in the matter of the slave trade are brought up against them, and are adduced as a reason why we ought, on no account, to presume to be better than they were before they repudiated the iniquity, it is but fair that their virtues should, at least, have an equal hearing. A friend has directed our attention to the first emancipation act on record. It was passed by the Colonial Legislature in 1652, and is as follows, and is most creditable to the people who emanated it. We copy from the Colonial Records, lately published under the direction of the Secretary of State:

"Whereas, there is a common course practised amongst Englishmen to buy negers, to that end they may have them for service or slaves forever; for the preventinge of such practices among us, let it be ordered, that no blacke mankind or white being forced by covenant bond, or otherwise, to serve any man or his assignees longer than ten yeares, or untill they come to bee twentie four yeares of age, if they bee taken in under fourteen, from the time of their cominge within the liberties of this Collonie. And at the end or terme of ten yeares to sett them free, as the manner is with English servants. And that man that will not let them go free, or shall sell them away elsewhere, to that end that they may bee enslaved to others for a long time, hee or they shall forfeit to the Collonie forty pounds."—*Providence Journal.*

AN INSTITUTION NOT FIT TO BE EXPANDED.—The Washington correspondent of the *Independent* relates a sad story of the injustice done to a coloured freeman by a pious slaveholding scoundrel, a head steward of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The coloured man was once a slave, but was manumitted by the will of his owner, a lady. The will was broken and Charles remanded to servitude. Some Quakers procured his release on his paying five hundred dollars, but his wife and three children remained in slavery. The scoundrel before referred to agreed to purchase the family and hold them until the husband and father should pay him six hundred dollars. Charles went to Washington to labour for the money. He visited his family four times a year, and carried them clothing to keep them comfortable. In the meantime the family increased to six children. When Charles offered to pay the price stipulated, the old sinner coolly asked him *four thousand dollars*. After a while this offer was accepted, and the possessor of the family was asked to give a writing to the effect that he would stand by *this* bargain. He refused, and then made complaint against Charles, that he was engaged in running off slaves. Charles, however, escaped and returned to Washington, where he now is. The laws which allow such villany as this are considered worthy of "expansion" into all the Territories of the United States, and the man who dares to object is summarily set down as a fanatic and a disunionist.

DOUGHFACE LOGIC.—The Hartford *Times says* that an emancipated slave, named Caroline Banks, recently applied to Mr. Hardgrove, of Richmond, Va., to take her back into slavery, as she found it difficult to support herself and children in Boston. The *Times* says:

"This does not alter the principle that human slavery is wrong. But it shows, to some extent, the fact that is acknowledged by well-informed persons, that the slaves of the South are, as a general thing, better cared for than the common black labourers of the North, and that they have a more comfortable subsistence, wh

Miscellaneous Department.

MY BROTHER ROBERT.

I.

His was a disappointed life, I have heard people say; but I, who lived with him from the beginning to the end of it, can assert that it was not a disappointed life nor an unhappy one. Certainly not. What can a man want to see more in this world than the accomplishment of his plans, for which he has toiled early and late, expending on them all his youth, hope, health, and energy? That others profited by his inventions, and grew rich on them, while he remained poor, neglected, and obscure, is a mere secondary consideration. It was his work that he looked to, and not any possible rewards that it might bring him; and as he brought his work to a fair completion, and did his share of good in his day and generation, he had no right to be dissatisfied; and he was not dissatisfied. I know it for a fact—he has told me so many a time. He would say: "Don't complain, Mary. You might complain if I had failed altogether, but I have done my work, and that is enough. I declare I feel a proud man sometimes when I see what grand things my invention is helping others to do." I was less easily satisfied for him than he was for himself; but when I saw that murmuring really troubled him, I tried to keep my tongue quiet.

People come now and look at his grave under the yew-tree, and go away and say they have seen it; and that is all the honour and profit my brother, Robert Janson, ever reaped from his life's labour. A year or two back some strangers came and proposed to put up a monument over his grave; but I warned them not to meddle with it as long as I lived. He would have been an old man now; but he died at thirty-seven; young, certainly—I grant that, and poor; because in his last broken-down years I had to support him—but not disappointed. He would never allow it living, and I will not allow it since he is dead. His was not a disappointed life. It will do no one any harm to tell his story now; and it will give no one any pain. I am the only person left in the world who ever had any interest in him.

II.

We were a large family altogether, living in the farmhouse at Alster Priors: my grandfather and grandmother, my father and mother, Aunt Anna, and five children. This period, of course, dates as far back as I can remember. I was the eldest and Robert was the youngest. The others were Charles, who succeeded to the farm—Mark, who enlisted for a soldier, and was, we believed, but were never sure, killed in Spain, fighting with the French—and John, who died a boy. We got our first schooling in the village: reading, writing, and cyphering, and nothing more than I can call to mind. It was thought learning enough in those days amongst the yeoman class of farmers to which we belonged. From quite a little one, Robert seemed different from the rest of us, who were homely, contented folks, and everybody but my mother and me—Aunt Anna especially—made a point of discouraging his studious ways and ridiculing his fancies. Perhaps there was no greater trial in his much-tried life than the consciousness that his own family had no faith in him. Nobody but we two had patience with him. His grandfather, father and brothers, regarded him as a fool and idle ne'er-do-well.

I very well remember his asking my grandfather one night, "Have you ever been to London, grandfather, or seen any of the great steamships or manufactories?" And "No, thank God!" was the fervent answer. This emphatic thanksgiving might be regarded as an epitome of the family sentiments: the gratitude of our elders for similar blessings was hourly expressed. They were strongholds of prejudice, and it was as difficult to effect a change or introduce an improvement amongst them as it is to overturn the fixed idea of a monomaniac. They had all, except my mother, had been born in Alsterdale, and had vegetated there contentedly in unimpeachable respectability, never travelling more than a dozen miles from home: there they would die, and there be buried in a good old age. They were proud, too, and that with the most impracticable pride: for they gloried in their ignorant prejudices, and would not have exchanged them for the wisdom of Solomon. Living from generation to generation on their own farm-lands of Alster Priors, in the midst of a scanty and illiterate population of labourers, above the small farmers and beneath the great gentry—on a sort of debateable ground between both—they were isolated almost entirely from society, and secluded in a dignified insignificance, which their hereditary integrity alone kept from being ridiculous. They felt contempt for all new-fangled ideas; being unable to bring their own to any other standard than that which allows worth only to what has been long established.

Sometimes, like a puff of a wind beyond the Fells, the story of some great invention came to disturb the calm torpidity of their existence. Then they would rouse up, wonder what the world was coming to, and hope it was not a tempting of Providence for mortal man to attain to such knowledge and to work such strange and powerful devices. My father, especially, was a lover of all things old: old books, old customs, old fashions, and old-fashioned manners. Sir Roger and the Widow, Uncle Toby and Squire Western, might have been the personal friends of his youth, from the figure they made in his talk. He always addressed my mother as dame, and the servant women as lasses, speaking in a loud voice and broad accent that often made my mother wince. She was south country born and bred, and had been left as ward to the care of my grandparents, who, not knowing what else to do with her, married her to their son. She was younger than my father and pretty; but so quiet, delicate, and reserved, that Anna was mistress of the house much more than she. Aunt Anna was a big, strong-featured woman, of great decision, and, as our family considered, of great learning also. She knew the names and properties of plants, was cognizant of signs in the weather, an interpreter of dreams and mysterious appearances in the sky; she was the oracle of Alsterdale, besides being a cunning hand at raising a pie and making conserves, jellies and custards. My brother Mark—the wild one—was her favourite; Robert she had not any love for, nor he for her. She was very fond of power, and always seemed most at ease with herself when she was either ruling or thwarting somebody.

III.

Robert was fond of the wheelwright's and carpenter's shops much more than of bird-nesting and nutting, like his brothers; and Willie Paxton has often said that at ten years old he could handle his tools like a man. It was in those places that he got his first knowledge of mechanics; the school-master, who, for the time and place, was a well-instructed person, brought him on in mathematics; and our rector, who always would have it the lad was a genius, and worth his three brothers put together, lent him books and papers that gave accounts of inventions and things in science, as well as biographical sketches of men who had been distinguished in such matters. Robert used to like to call our attention to the small beginnings some of them had risen from; and Aunt Anna would always try to spite him by saying that he need not let his mind hanker after those folks, for he was to be a farmer, and farm the Little Ings land. But Robert was the pleasantest-tempered creature in the world, and never would be led into retorting on her. Sometimes, in his waggish way, he would draw her on to talk of herself, and would try to enlist her in his own pursuits; but she was too wary to be flattered by a boy, and he made no way with her.

One morning, Aunt Anna, Robert and I, were all three in the garden picking camomile flowers, a large bed of which supplied the family pharmacopeia, when one of these talks took place. Robert asked Aunt Anna how far from Alsterdale she had ever travelled? She replied that when she was young she had been at the Richmond balls, and that once she had gone with her father to the place where they hang folks, which she explained as being York.

"You ought to be thankful you live in Alsterdale, Robert. Don't be always hankering after great, wicked towns," she said; "I never want to see one again as long as I live—never!"

The last generation of the Janson family had produced an unsuccessful poet, whom our grandmother said Robert was like in almost every point. We had no personal recollection of him, because he had died before any of us were born, but to my fancy and to Robert's, Uncle Paul had been heroic. Robert, always on the watch for Aunt Anna's genial movements, now ventured to say:

"I would rather be a man like Uncle Paul than a farmer, Aunt Anna; this seems such a sluggish life."

"Trash!" was my aunt's contemptuous ejaculation. "Your Uncle Paul was a poor weak creature. What good ever came of his philanthropy and book-writing? If he had taken the Little Ings Farm that you are to have, he might have been alive now, and worth money, instead of lying in Alsterdale churchyard. Poor Paul had a good heart, but not the spirit of a mouse; don't you take him as your model, Robert, if you don't want to come to his end."

"Mr. Tate showed me a book of his, and said he was not only a fine genius, but a pious, devoted and truly admirable man."

"Learn to appreciate the relative value of things, and have an opinion of your own. Are you to receive as gospel every word old Tate says? Just let me state the case to you." Aunt Anna dropped basket and scissors, as she rose erect in her oratorical attitude. "Your father and Paul, when they came of age, each got some money under their grandfather's will. Marmaluke kept to his farming, but Paul gathered his substance together like the Prodigal Son, and went and spent it—not in riotous living, certainly, but to just as little purpose—among felons in jails and paupers in hospitals. Then he must needs publish to the world a host of abuses that he had discovered, and make himself enemies; so, all his fine schemes came to nought, and he died as much from heart-break as neglect."

"No, Aunt Anna; his schemes have not come to nought; for what he began, other people have taken up and finished. Dr. Monson says so."

"Don't be Dr. Anybody's mouthpiece; give me your own words or none," rejoined my aunt, stooping to her task again.

"They are my words, too."

"Very silly ones they are, then. I don't want to see any of you wiser or better men than your father or grandfather before you. They have always been respected, and Paul was more laughed at than anything else."

"People don't laugh at him now. They honour him."

"Lip-worship. What is it worth, when he has been dead these thirty years? He would have starved to death, if your father had not fetched him home. What is the good of looking at a man's grave? He is a warning, not an example, nephew Robert."

"Was he happy, Aunt Anna?"

"Happy? I can't tell. He said to me, the night before he died, that nobody should take the post of an apostle of reform whose heart was not prepared for martyrdom. He did hope to do good at first, and hope kept him up while it lasted; but he had not pith enough; he was soon worn out."

The camomile gathering was over, and, with a retrospective sigh to the memory of her brother, Aunt Anna took up her basket, and went into the house. Robert and I, after strolling a few minutes longer in the garden, passed through the wicket-gate and across the bridge, to the church, which stood about five hundred yards off on the hill-side. There were, and are, a great many yews in the grave-yard, and under one Uncle Paul lay with a plain slab of gray stone over him. (My brother Robert's grave is to the right of it, only marked by a low headstone.) We sat down on Uncle Paul's grave, and began to talk about him. We both admired him sincerely. As I remember my brother Robert in his boyhood, he was slight and tall, with a great forehead and bushy brown hair; his eyes were blue and his skin brown; he had what one would call a fine countenance. His temper was cheerful and kind; and with Uncle Paul's love of true and beautiful things, he had a character of more muscle and force. I always loved Robert the best of my brothers, and sympathized with his dislike to our torpid state of existence. But what could we do against the rest?

IV.

From fourteen to eighteen Robert went on fretting, fidgetting, and working alternately, until one day there was a rumour of a grand new bridge to be built over the Alster, about eleven miles above our house; beside it, where there was a fall in the water, a manufactory was going to be built for weaving of stockings. Neither good words nor ill words would keep Robert from going up there day after day, and staying to nightfall. It was in the time of hay harvest, and my father was often angry at his absence. One day he said to him in a rage, little thinking his words would be taken in plain earnest:

"If any of those engineering, architect, machine fellows will take thee, Robert, thou may bind thyself to them for life; I never want to see thy idle face again."

Robert did not come back that night, but the next morning he fetched his clothes when his father was out in the fields, and only the women at home. Aunt Anna was terribly vexed, and sent to call his father in. My mother would have had Robert go without seeing him, but the lad said:

"Nay, I've my father's leave"; and he stood up with his bonnie young face all glowing and brave, fearing none of us. "When I'm a man, Mary shall come and keep my house—won't you, Mary?" I promised him.

We were amazed to see how my father took it, when Aunt Anna told him Robert was set on going, and nothing could stay him. The two took a long look at each other, as if measuring their strength; then they shook hands. My mother cried to see it.

"If the lad will go, let him go in peace," said my father; I can make nothing of him. Anna, fetch up a bottle of wine to drink his health at the dinner. Thy grandfather will be displeased, lad; thou'rt as wilful as ever Paul, my brother, was, and I misdoubt me that thou'll prosper as ill; but thou shall not go with a curse at thy back, my lad."

And so Robert left us.

I should be twenty-eight or twenty-nine years old at that time, and in my own mind I had a strange hankering to go after the lad and take care of him; and as if to give me my liberty, in the year that followed the old grandfather and grandmother were both taken away, and those who were left were well able to take tent for themselves. Still I don't know that I would have left home if my own mother had not said, one Christmas night, the first he was away, "Our Robert will be glad to see you, Mary. Your father and I were saying, why should you not go and stop with him for the change." My mother spoke for me as much or more than for him; but what for, has nothing to do with Robert's story; so I pass over that.

I went away to Robert at Birmingham, where he was—an ugly great town then, not what it is now—and truly, the lad was glad to have a face that he knew about him. I had a little fortune of my own, so that I was no burden on him; but afterwards, as things turned out, a help. I took three rooms in a cottage a good half-mile from the town, and he changed to live with me. In the day he was at work in one of those vast manufactories of iron machinery—I did see over once, but what with the heat, the noise, and the stir, I could not tell what it was like—and in the evenings I had him mostly with me. He was not so merry a companion as he had used to be, for his great idea had just begun to germinate, and many a silent hour I sat at one end of the table, while he at the other was working out his calculations, and making drawings of different parts of machinery. He got to making models after, and many a one did he fling down and break. There was difficulty after difficulty to overcome.

He would lecture to me about his drawings sometimes, and try to make me understand the relative power of this and that lever and wheel; and though I could have remembered at the time, I could not tell you now, if I would, one fiftieth part of what he said. This was to save labour and waste; that for safety; this for speed. It was impossible to avoid being interested in his work, seeing how his heart and soul were bound up in it. I was as eager he should succeed as he was himself. "If I do succeed, Mary, it will be the making of me; and I *will* succeed," he used to say, after every failure. And I believed he would.

V.

Months went on, years went on, and Robert was twenty-five, with his idea still unwrought out. In the midst of his hard toil and absorbing thoughts I was glad that he still kept his kind, warm, manly heart. There is a short bit in his story that I must not leave out—that about Rosie Kirwan. Her mother was a near neighbour of ours, and we had made acquaintance in our walks. Rosie came to tea with me sometimes, and that was the way she and Robert came, first to know, and afterwards to love, each other. Rosie was not so pretty as she was fresh-looking—fresh as a May morning in Alsterdale, or as a half-blown rose; a tall girl, straight and strong, with a round waist and a throat white and smooth as a marble figure; a firm step, a quick eye and rather a breezy temper. I liked her very much; she was a frank, honest, sensible girl, and her mother had brought her up well.

They came to an agreement between themselves soon, and it was really a pleasant sight to see Robert at his work and Rosie leaning over him, bending her fine brows and setting her lips firm in a conscientious endeavour to take it all in, and then giving me a quick little glance across the table, as much as to say, "I can't understand it one bit."

Mrs. Kirwan was satisfied with the engagement, though I did not quite approve of her way of speaking of it. She said, "It is always a good speculation for a girl to marry a young man of talent and energy, though he may not be rich; he is almost sure to make some way in the world. I must confess that I should not let Rosie throw herself away on anybody; and, if Robert gets forward as he promises to do, I shall be glad to let him have her. She is a good girl."

The young things made no calculations, being content, apparently, with the present time of loving each other.

VI.

At last the day came when Robert walked into my parlour one night and said, "It is done, Mary." His face was all alight with pride and satisfaction, for Rosie was there, and, when he spoke, she marched straight up to him, and gave him a kiss. "I promised I would, Mary," said she, blushing like a rose; "I promised him six months ago"; and the shame-faced girl looked as if she had done wrong, whereas Robert vowed she had been hard as flint, and that was the very first time she had suffered their lips to meet. "Then it is a kiss for luck," said I; and Rosie was as still as a mouse all the evening after.

We had to hear about his success now. It was a grand invention we knew then, and all the world knows it now; but, there were many things to be done before Robert was to be a made man by it. I believe people are no more ready now than they were then to adopt new systems; but it had been submitted to a number of men, both scientific and practical, and they all pronounced it the finest invention of the age. He must get it patented; he must do this, he must do that, he must do the other. Words.

He bade Rosie and me good-bye, and carried his model to London—it was great expense—and there he stayed; we being very anxious all the time. To tell you the backwards and forwards work he had, the advice on one hand and the warnings on the other, would be more than I could do, or than you would care to hear. Besides, is it not known well enough, by all who interest themselves in such things, the trouble there is to get a new invention adopted?

All this time in London was lost time. Robert wanted money, and money he had not, and he was not earning any. My father had done for him all he ever intended to do, so I parted with my fortune, all but a bare maintenance, and kept him for a month or two longer, trying on all sides to get some one to adopt his invention. Nobody would or could. It was a depressed season, and there was no spirit to risk the production of anything novel and costly.

He came back to me: that time I was alone, and glad I was that it so happened. I should not have known him if I had met him in a strange place unexpectedly. All the healthy brown was gone out of his face, his skin was pallid, his eyes and temples were sunk, his clothes were hanging about him as if they had been made for a man twice his size. When he spoke, it was in a hurried, nervous way, and his hands trembled as if he had had a stroke. O, how ill he looked! It is my belief that, in the last months he had been away, he had never had enough to eat.

One stormy Winter night he came, without having given me warning. He was drenched with rain, and I said to him something about the folly of walking in his bad health in such weather, and where was his luggage? He spread out his poor, thin hands, and said, with an attempt at a smile, "I carry all my possessions on my back, Mary"; and then he flung himself down into a chair, and, leaning his face on the table, sobbed like a child. I shall never forget him as he appeared that night—never, while I live. He was no more like the Robert who had left me nine months before than the broken bits of drift-wood lying on the sea-shore now are like the brave ship that sailed out of harbour a year ago. He could tell me nothing that night; but, next day he said that, finding he should never be able to do better for his invention, poor as he was, he had given it up to the manufacturer of machinery in whose service he had worked, on condition that he would bring it out within three years. "I don't care for profits, Mary; let us have enough to live, and I shall be satisfied," said he. You see he was so weak and worn down that his spirit was half broken.

"But Rosie Kirwan," I suggested.

He got up, and walked quickly through the room. "Don't talk about her, Mary! How long is it since she has been here?"

Rosie and her mother had been away in London ever so long, I told him.

"And they have not come back? then you don't know?——" He came to a full stop in front of me.

I said no, I knew nothing. What was there to know?

"Rosie and I have broken. I declare, Mary, it was almost a relief; for how could I keep her as she has been kept? Her mother heard how badly I was prospering, and said the engagement must be dropped. I did not try to hold her to it—she would have stood by me; but ——" and the poor lad's voice broke down.

Rosie married, a year or two after, a cousin of her own: I believe it was a perfectly happy and suitable marriage.

VII.

After this, Robert had a bad illness, and his brain was affected, more or less, to the end of his life in consequence; but, the intervals between were long, and he and I together led a not unhappy life. In less than two years there was scarcely an extensive manufactory in the kingdom that had not adopted Robert's invention, and its usefulness was extended to far other and different purposes than he had designed. It was like a new principle in mechanical powers that he had discovered and developed, for others to carry forward. The person whose capital had enabled him to bring to practical results what Robert had designed, grew a very rich man speedily; he once sent Robert a fifty-pound note, and we were not in the position to refuse it. As I said before, I had parted with all but a bare subsistence. Robert was never more fit for work. We went to a seaside village, and stayed there a year or two, in the hope that the change would restore him, but it never did. He liked to sit on the sands, tracing out impossible designs with his stick, and demonstrating their feasibility to me. From the lectures I got, I ought to be one of the first theoretical machinists of the age.

There is nothing more to tell: he lived eleven years longer, and we went home to Alsterdale to my mother. My father was dead then, and Charles had the farm; and old Tate and he held long talks on Uncle Paul's grave, and—I think that's all. He frequently said, especially towards the last, "Mary, whatever people think, and however it may seem, remember, I am not a disappointed man. I have done my work."

Poor Robert's opinion may not be the opinion of those who read these lines; but it was his, and it is mine. After all these years, it matters not a thought who is right and who is wrong. I always hoped that he would be taken first, for who would have cared for him like me? I had my desire. I have outlived him more than thirty years.—*Household Words.*

SIMULATION AND DISSIMULATION.

From a review of Archbishop Whately's Edition of Bacon's Essays in the London Quarterly for October, published by Scott & Co.

BACON sometimes speaks in lofty language of the homage due to truth. "There is no vice," he says, "that doth so cover us with shame as to be found false and perfidious"; he quotes with approbation the fine observation of Montaigne that the liar is daring towards God and a coward towards man; he remarks that "the ablest persons that ever were have had all an openness and frankness of dealing and a name of certainty and veracity"; he calls dissimulation a faint kind of policy," and holds simulation to be still less "politic and more culpable." Nevertheless, he estimates crafty acts rather by their wordly prudence than by their moral nature, and approves or tolerates practices which ought to be condemned. In his "Advancement of Learning" he recommends if men have a foible that they should call it after the virtue which has the closest resemblance to it, and pretend that dullness is gravity, and cowardice mildness. He advises that they should affect to despise everything which is beyond the compass of their powers, or, better still, that they should pride themselves on the qualities in which they are deficient, and seem to underrate themselves in the points in which they are strongest. These and such like devices he calls "good arts" in opposition to the "evil arts" which are taught by Machiavelli. To the conscientious part of mankind such "good arts" can only be regarded as illustrations of the maxim of La Rochefoucauld, "that there are few defects which are not more pardonable than the means we adopt to conceal them." Archbishop Whately enforces the true view, that insincerity can never be expedient, but well remarks that those who do not prize straightforwardness for its own sake will never perceive that it is the wisest course as well as the most virtuous. "The maxim that 'honesty is the best policy' is one which, perhaps, no one is ever habitually guided by in practice. An honest man is always before it, and a knave is generally behind it." This is admirably said.

Bacon states, as a case which will justify dissimulation, that there are people "who will so beset a man with questions, and draw him on, and pick his secret out of him, that without an absurd silence, he must show an inclination one way; or if he do not, they will gather as much by his silence as by his speech." A common instance of this species of inquisitiveness is to tax persons with the authorship of anonymous writings. Archbishop Whately quotes the reply of Dean Swift in a conjuncture of the kind. He had published some insulting lines upon Mr. Bettesworth, a barrister, who called upon the satirist. "Sir," said he, on Swift inquiring his business, "I am Sergeant Bettesworth." "Of what regiment?" replied Swift. "Oh, Mr. Dean, we know your powers of raillery; you know me well enough, that I am one of His Majesty's Sergeants-at-Law." "What then, sir?" "Why, then, sir, I am come to demand of you whether you are the author of this poem and these villainous lines on me." "Sir," answered Swift, "it was a piece of advice given me in my early days, by Lord Somers, never to own or disown any writing laid to my charge, because if I did this in some cases, whatever I did not disown would infallibly be imputed to me. Now I take this to have been a very wise maxim, and have followed it ever since, and I believe it will hardly be in the power of all your rhetoric, as great master as you are of it, to make me swerve from that rule." This reply in the mouth of one who, like Swift, had acted consistently upon the sagacious counsel of Lord Somers, would baffle the interrogator; but as most people negative the suspicion when it is mistaken, the refusal to answer, when it is well founded, amounts to confession. Dr. Johnson decided that to escape the dilemma a direct denial was allowable, and Walter Scott carried the principle into practice, and repeatedly assured inquisitive friends that he was not the author of the Waverly Novels. Yet he usually, he says, took care to qualify the contradiction by the remark that, had he been the writer, he should have felt entitled to protect his secret by a false disclaimer. This was to betray a consciousness that the assertion unaccompanied by a warning that it was worthless would have been inconsistent with rectitude. The proposition reduced to its simple state is whether impertinence in one person will justify falsehood in another. To propound the question is, to our thinking, to answer it. Lord Somers must have considered the latitude improper or his advice to Swift would have been useless, and Swift, no stringent moralist, would not have needed to adopt it if he had supposed, to use the expression of his own Houyhnhnms, that he might "speak the thing which was not." When it is at once admitted that we may say what is convenient, instead of what is true, every man will have a different standard of veracity, and no one can tell any longer what to believe. In the same breath in which Dr. Johnson maintained the right of an author to disavow his productions, he indignantly denounced what numbers would consider the more venial doctrine, that it was lawful to withhold from a patient a knowledge of his danger. "Of all lying I have the greatest abhorrence of this, because I believe it has frequently been practised upon myself. You have no business with consequences; you are to tell the truth." Thus the lying that Johnson abhorred the most was a deception which multitudes imagine to be a duty; and he was not more at variance with them than inconsistent with himself. Truth, an instant before, was to yield to consequences; the scene shifts, the consequences become disagreeable, and truth is to be paramount to every consideration. So surely does the moralist revert to the rigid rule, and exact it of others, the moment the exceptions are to his own disadvantage. The evil of departing from it is shown on a large scale in the disgraceful maxims of the Jesuits which Pascal held up to odium and reproach. Casuistry has too often been employed in vitiating morality—in devising specious reasons for multiplying exceptions to irksome principles. Then arise a labyrinth of fine distinctions, of complicated conditions, of subtle evasions which blunt the conscience, perplex the notions of right and wrong, and convert the simple laws, which are understood and acknowledged by him who speaks and him who hears, into a maze of metaphysical deceit and confusion, in which no one can be sure what is permitted to himself or arrogated by his neighbour. Nor, if men may break precepts to avoid presumed inconveniences, can they be forbidden the liberty where the design is to accomplish a fancied good. The whole monstrous machinery of pious frauds becomes morally defensible; the motive, where it was honest, justified the means. The wood of the true cross, which, Fuller says, at the time of the Reformation, would have loaded a ship, was rightly multiplied by those who believed that it would encourage devotion, and the priests who furnished the false teeth of St. Appollonia, which were a reputed charm for the toothache, and filled a barrel when they were collected in the reign of Edward VI., were engaged in a commendable work "for the glory of God and the relief of man's estate."

THE DARK SIDE OF HUMAN NATURE.

From the same.

Of all the dark representations which have been given of the motives and dispostions of mankind, the most plausible and acute is embodied in the "Maxims" of La Rochefoucauld. "Fundamental truths," says Locke, "like the lights of heaven, are not only beautiful in themselves, but give light to other things that without them could not be seen." Our Saviour's great rule, that "we should love our neighbour as ourselves," is such a fundamental truth for the regulating human society, that I think by that alone one might without difficulty determine all the cases and doubts in social morality. La Rochefoucauld, on his part, has his fundamental truth, and every one is familiar with the famous motto which he put as a text to his work: "Our virtues are generally vices in disguise." The five hundred and four pithy sentences which follow are mostly illustrations of this pervading principle. He says, for example, that "Virtue would not go so far if Vanity did not keep her company"; that "What we cut off from our other defects we frequently add to our pride"; that "Self-interest, which we accuse of all our crimes, ought often to be praised for good actions"; that "We sometimes imagine we hate flattery, but only hate the manner of flattering"; that "Women weep to get a reputation of being tender-hearted, weep that they may be pitied, weep to be wept, weep to avoid the discredit of not weeping." Whenever there is an appearance of good, he traces it up to evil motives, and these, again, he resolves into self-love. His creed is thus directly opposed to the precept of our Saviour, so beautifully set forth by Locke; and if the latter is ever observed, the principle of La Rochefoucauld must in all such cases be untrue. Taken in its extremest latitude, it involves complete infidelity as a consequence: for to believe that the rule of our Lord is habitually violated by the whole of mankind is to assume that His Gospel is a nullity, and that his entire mission on earth has been in vain. La Rochefoucauld himself limits his assertion, and the same qualifying phrase which he introduces into the summary of his system is repeated in many of the succeeding maxims. In fact, his celebrated saying, "Hypocrisy is the homage which vice renders to virtue," supposes the virtue to be real, or it would otherwise come under the denomination of hypocrisy, and there would be nothing left to which to do homage. His profligate followers have outstripped their master, and have often written of his delineations of human nature as though there were no exceptions to the hideous picture. They have especially delighted to quote one detestable proposition, to which he gives a universal application—"In the misfortunes of our best friends there is *always* something which is not displeasing to us"; but they appear unconscious, or omit to state, that La Rochefoucauld rejected it upon maturer consideration, and excluded it from the later editions of his work. Nor must it be forgotten, in extenuation of his cynical view, that the circle of each man's acquaintance is the world to him, and that the author of the "Maxims" derived his notions of his kind from the vitiated society of the upper classes during the regency of Anne of Austria and the reign of Louis XIV. However false as a general principle might be his assertion "that there is no one who believes himself in any quality inferior to the person whom he esteems the most," it might be truer than we should suspect of multitudes of his countrymen when Courier could say "that, with many faults, he must claim one great merit—he was the single person in France who did not imagine himself fit to be king." The definition of friendship, "that it is only a traffic in which self-love always expects to be a gainer," with other remarks of the same kind, imputing what ought to be the attachments of the heart to sordid interest, may easily be supposed a correct representation of the alliances he witnessed among the fawning courtiers, who, lost to manliness and independence, were engaged in a miserable rivalry for paltry distinctions and preferments. It must have been another sort of friendship of which he spoke, later in life, when he said that "a true friend was the greatest of all blessings, and the one which we least thought of acquiring." The observation shows that he, at any rate, believed in the possibility of ties which are formed by esteem for pesonal qualities, without regard to grosser advantages; that he was at last convinced that man was capable of ennobling affections as well as of lower desires, and could love his neighbour without coveting his goods. By his own confession he was himself an example of it, for he professed "to entertain such an attachment to his friends that he would not hesitate for an instant to sacrifice his interest to theirs." After all allowances, however, his picture of mankind remains partial and bitter. Even Cardinal de Retz, who had been a leader in the same scenes, who had been accustomed to look at the world upon its blackest side, and belonged to that side himself, complained that La Rochefoucald had too little faith in virtue. Few books could be more pernicious than his, if it is received for the entire truth, and either teaches the reader misanthropy from the belief that all are bad, or profligacy from the notion that it is equally needless and vain to attempt to be better; few books are more useful, if it is employed as a manual for self examination by which to probe our motives and to learn the deceitfulness of the heart. The false pretences which La Rochefoucauld has specified are defects to which everybody is, in some respects, originally prone, which numbers continue to practise habitually, and which are apt to intermingle with the higher impulses that ordinarily govern these who are labouring to be upright.

CONVERS FRANCIS.

To the Editor of The Boston Telegraph.

In the unobtrusive life and obscure toils of this venerable man, who died at Wayland on Thanksgiving morning, aged upwards of 90, there were some things worthy of mention beyond the narrow limits to which for the most part they have been confined.

Mr. Francis was a poor boy, and had a hard battle of life. If the battle was of less duration in his case than in many, it was because he marched forward with more promptitude and courage to the encounter, and struck with better aim and more energy than most others. His father, Benjamin Francis of Medford, was an excellent mechanic, a zealous patriot, and valiant soldier of the Revolution. He fought from *Concord* to *Yorktown*, having taken his gun from the accustomed hooks in the kitchen on the morning of the Lexington fight, and never suspended it there again till the close of the war. He was an uncommon marksman, and in that first conflict killed five of the invaders with his own hand. He was a sagacious person, and was consulted by some of the leading patriots of the time. Col. Isaac Royall, a Councillor of the Colony, and afterward an absentee, from timidity and not from enmity to his country, of which, though his property was confiscated by it, he was a benefactor to the last, was speaking with him on the wrongs of the Colony, and exclaimed, "But what can we do?" "Fight 'em, sir," was the laconic reply, uttered some time before the celebrated outburst of Patrick Henry in the House of Burgesses. This worthy soldier was a genuine type of what the Northern rank and file of the American army were at that time. He died long before the era of Pensions. He was affectionately and tenderly cared and provided for by his son, the subject of this tribute, who almost from childhood was thrown, by his father's absence in the army, on his own resources. The Free Schools of Medford were suspended during the period of the Revolutionary War; and after it was over, Mr. Francis had only one Winter's term of three months, at which his diligence and improvement were most specially remarked.

He was noted for simple honesty and great success in his business, that of a baker. At the outset, and at the age of 19, he fixed for himself a standard of charging, not according to what could be obtained, but according to what he deemed just to others and reasonably remunerative to himself; and from this he never swerved. Accordingly his prices were always moderate and cheerfully paid, as equitable prices will be. It was then very difficult to obtain good flour, and by minute and careful observation he acquired such skill in judging of its quality as never to be deceived, and never to be guided by popular brands. He invariably used the best of this and every other material. Success answered to his skill and pains. The reputation of his products extended from the then small village of Medford to Europe and Asia. Orders for his ship crackers, as they were named, came from St. Petersburg and Calcutta. In his humble calling he displayed an originality and ingenuity which brought him custom and almost fame. He invented the household bread known at home and abroad as "Medford Crackers." Under that sign, and as "from America," it was advertised and sold in London and Havre, as well as in the most remote cities of this continent. Bread is said to be still sold quite extensively by the same name.

At the age of fifty-two he retired with an estate comfortable and sufficient, but proportioned to the moderation of his wishes, and to his inflexible adherence to justice and equity in all his transactions, rather than to his facilities for amassing; for such was his reputation for integrity and capability that he could command capital and stock to an unlimited amount. He never failed in his life to pay a debt the day he promised it. He never sued anybody but in one and that a flagrant instance, and was never sued.

It was with his generosity and his charities as with his justice. They were measured by his kindness of heart, his commiseration of the unfortunate and needy, and his occasional desire to testify his approval and admiration of useful public examples, and not by his pecuniary ability. The latter was an interesting trait, and evinced the true nobility of his soul. A learned and excellent young clergyman, a native, and until near manhood a resident, of an extreme Southern State, felt impelled to bear his testimony to a Boston congregation against the sin and misery of slaveholding. It gave offence, and he was dismissed quite as sternly, though not so savagely as the admirable George Simmons from Mobile. His family was considerable, and his means very small. An aged stranger, of most respectable appearance, rung at this clergyman's door, and in his absence was received there by the lady. His errand was simply to express his approbation and thanks to her husband for his disinterested and intrepid service to the cause of justice and freedom, and to request his acceptance of a small testimonial of respect, handing to her a liberal one, and retiring without giving his name. The description casually given by the lady of his person and dress to one of Mr. Francis's intimate friends identified him as the donor. Through his long life, even before he was able to accumulate, he gave much in the same delicate and unostentatious manner.

As a member of the old Light Infantry Company of Medford and Charleston, and some neighbouring towns, he performed escort duty on the occasion of Washington's visit to Cambridge in 1789, and retained a vivid and proud recollection of his noble person and bearing. Washington went to Medford to visit his gallant fellow-soldier and friend, Col. John Brooks, afterwards Governor of Massachusetts, when Mr. Francis "feasted his eyes," as he expressed it, again. An incident occurred which impressed him very pleasantly, and he often related it with fresh satisfaction. As Washington approached the house of his host, surrounded by an affectionate population, he saw a woman looking from her door, and improving the time, with distaff and spindle, spinning flax. He turned toward her, took off his hat and made a low bow.

Though his early educational advantages were so slight, Mr. Francis was all his life a diligent reader, and acquired a store of useful and entertaining knowledge. Books were an unfailing source of enjoyment till a few weeks before his death. The *Tribune*, for several years, was thoroughly perused by him, and he came to esteem it so highly for large and various intelligence, honesty, plainness and independence, that he regarded it almost as an institution, indispensable to the correction of most alarming abuses, and to the ultimate salvation of the country. When, at the commencement of the memorable first session of this Congress, its founder and principal editor went to Washington with the avowed purpose of remaining, he remarked that "he felt that the country was safer for it." His weekly *Tribune* was the last reading he attempted, a few days before the close, but he laid it down mournfully, saying, "I cannot read it any more." The only desire he expressed for several years was that his long life, of which he was really weary, might be protracted a little, that he might see the cruel and deplorable persecution in Kansas, which awakened his deepest sympathy and indignation, terminate in the triumph of justice and liberty, and security for the future. To that cause he gave liberally at an early day without solicitation. The last time he went forth was to deposit his vote on the 4th of November. Though extremely feeble, and requiring to be lifted in and out of the carriage, he went spontaneously, remarking that he gave his first vote for Washington at his first election, and would give his last for Fremont.

He died of no disease. The light went gradually out, from exhaustion, amidst frequent expressions of gratitude and contentment that he had had the care and society of his daughter. A few months ago he spoke to the writer these touching and suggestive words: "My father said in his last days, 'Convers, I am sure God will bless you, you have been so good to your old father.' And he does bless me."

D. L. C.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

STONE, IN PAPER MAKING.—The Glasgow (Scotland) journals state that a patent has just been granted for a remarkable discovery, whereby stone, after undergoing a certain process, may be converted into paper, that will be not only superior in quality and texture to that now in use, but be afforded at much lower rate. This is a little the *hardest* story yet gotten up, in connection with modern improvements in paper manufacture.

——A distinguished friend and correspondent of Thomas Carlyle, in this vicinity, has received a letter from him, stating that the printing of his Life of Frederick the Great has been commenced, and that it will be completed by July next. He takes the ground that Old Fritz was a quack, but the best of the quacks that were then about. That man was no quack, however, who won Leutzen and survived all. The book will be worth reading, and not such a piece of humbug as the author's work on Cromwell.

——LARGEST CLOCK IN THE WORLD.—The dials of the English Parliament clock are twenty-two feet in diameter, and the largest in the world with the minute hand. Every half minute, the point of the minute hand moves nearly seven inches. The clock will go eight and a half days, and strike only for seven and a half, so as to indicate by its silence any neglect in winding it up. The mere winding of each of the striking parts will take two hours. The pendulum is 15 feet long; the wheels are of cast iron; the hour bell is eight feet high and nine feet in diameter, weighing from fourteen to fifteen tuns. The weight of the hammer is four cwt.

——INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—The Herculean labour of removing a cairn of 250 feet in height, which has been carried on for nearly five years near the village of Alexandropol, in the Russian province of Ekatarinoslow, has just been completed, and led to the most important discovery of numerous articles of gold, silver, bronze and clay, as also of iron shafts and rods, nails, skeletons of horses, and ornaments of gold. The whole are in an excellent state of preservation, and, although traces of an attempt, made at some remote period, to effect an entry are plainly visible, the number of objects now brought to light is very considerable. In comparing the well-known passage in Herodotus respecting the burial-place of the Scythian kings with the present discovery, it is clear that this is one of the catacombs mentioned by him; and sanguine hopes are entertained that the success attendant on this first attempt will lead to further and even more important discoveries.

——The Pilgrim Church in London originally selected by Hon. Abbott Lawrence, of Boston, when Minister at the English Court, is now about to be erected. It is located in Southwark, and is designed to commemorate the virtues and memory of the Pilgrim Fathers. A design has been adopted for the edifice highly creditable to the skill and taste of the architect, and the building is commenced. On the 29th of Oct., the Rev. Dr. Cook, Secretary of the American Tract Society, laid the corner-stone of the Pilgrim Hall. He made a very effective and beautiful address. A second telling and effective speech was given by Dr. Cook, at Surrey Chapel, in the evening, at a meeting presided over by Apsley Pellatt, Esq., the hon. member for Southwark. A beautiful and touching note was read at the meeting from Mrs. Abbott Lawrence, enclosing £100, with the promise of another £100 by-and-by. This timely act of munificence has rebuked the skepticism of some who distrusted the practicability of the work. The Rev. Mr. Waddington will be pastor of the new church. He is gathering subscriptions for its erection.

——DAMASCUS.—Independently of its central position, it has attractions in itself superior perhaps to any city in the East. We have heard of "rose-red cities half as old as Time"; but Damascus is at least as old as any received history, and is in fact the oldest city we know of which preserves to this day its